

# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

# THE THISTLE.

---

SEPTEMBER 1862.

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## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MIRIAM'S SORROW, . . . . .	385
THE SHAMROCK, . . . . .	406
THE COUNTY BALL, . . . . .	411
CHRISTMAS IN BOHEMIA, . . . . .	415
SAVIOUR, I COME TO THEE! . . . . .	422
THE POLITE FAMILY, . . . . .	423
THE ART OF FENCING, OR "THE SMALL SWORD," . . . . .	433
WHAT IS LOVE, . . . . .	438
THE PASTOR'S PUPIL, . . . . .	439
COUPLETS OF LIBERTY, . . . . .	452
THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAMMA, . . . . .	453
HAUNTS OF MUSIC, . . . . .	463
AUTUMN—WHERE SHALL WE GO? . . . . .	464
COLUMBUS, . . . . .	468
THE SOUTH KENSINGTON LETTER, . . . . .	471
THE LOVER'S MANUAL OF DEVOTION, . . . . .	474
CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS, . . . . .	475



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# THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE.

## CONTENTS OF MAY NUMBER.

A Word to the Three Kingdoms.  
A Random Note on the Good Old Times, by J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S.  
Spring Flowers.  
The Iron Age, by Juvena.  
Songs, by A. Fonblanque, the Younger.  
Willie Johnson's Mother; a Ghost Story, by Miss Sheridan Carey.  
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The Three Garlands, by Miss Sheridan Carey.  
The Queen Laying the Foundation Stone of the Mausoleum at Frogmore.  
Perpetua, by H. Kains Jackson.  
Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

## CONTENTS OF JUNE NUMBER.

Miriam's Sorrow, by Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel.  
Deaconesses, by John Baker Hopkins.  
Stanzas on the Cemetery of Earl's Court, Old Brompton, by Lord William Lennox.  
Angular Stories—Story of a German Professor by H. K. J.  
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The South Kensington Letter, by Our London Correspondent.  
The Two Graves, by J. C. Tildesley.  
Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

## CONTENTS OF JULY NUMBER.

Miriam's Sorrow, by Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel.  
Modern Criticism, by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell.  
June has been here with all its Flowers, by S. H. Bradbury (Quallon).  
Photographic Scraps—Mason's Portrait—No. 3, by G. D.  
A Visit to the British Association in 1861, by a Lady.  
Dispensing Clouds, by Mrs. Edward Thomas.  
Some Remarks on Female Education, by John Plummer.

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The Institution of the Tub, by Cuthbert Bede.  
Our Fairies, by W. C. Bennett.  
Down the Rhone to Avignon, by F. A. M.  
The Lover's Manual of Devotion.  
The South Kensington Letter, by Our London Correspondent.  
National Association for the Promotion of Social Science.  
Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

## CONTENTS OF AUGUST NUMBER.

Miriam's Sorrow, by Mrs. Mackenzie-Daniel—Continued.  
Woman—Her Social Position as it is, and should be, by the Rev. G. E. Maunsell.  
In a School-room, by W. C. Bennett.  
The Aborigines of Literature: a Paper on Novelists' Heroes, Heroines, and Villains, by Snailk Foster—Concluded.  
Archæology Run Mad, by J. O. Halliwell, F.R.S.  
The Social Rights of Man, by John Baker Hopkins.  
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SEPTEMBER 1862.

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### MIRIAM'S SORROW.

BY MRS. MACKENZIE-DANIEL.

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#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### A COUNTRY DRIVE.

MRS. HOWARD was looking a little brighter and better when she appeared at the breakfast table the next morning. An early walk with Martin had braced up her failing nerves, and she entered warmly into the different projects her step-son suggested for the agreeable disposal of our time while we remained in Paris.

"Not that I shall trouble you young folks often with *my* society," she added cheerfully, and considerably removing her eyes from my blushing face—"for it suits me better to be out before the gay world is stirring, and when such of my fellow-creatures as are content to exhibit themselves in their natural characters are abroad—Miriam, my dear, I am glad Stephen has decided on taking you into the country to-day, for you are looking a little fagged from all your city sight-seeing, and the pure, fresh air, without fatigue, will do you a world of good."

"Yes, I hope Miss Verney will enjoy it," said Stephen with one of those kind glances that I estimated so highly: "it is just the day for a quiet country drive, not too much sunshine, and a light breeze that will be delicious when we get upon the hills."

Mrs. Howard did not appear to have been attending to her step-son's reply—she had been looking at me while he spoke—but she must nevertheless have heard what he said, for after a few minutes' silence she turned towards him with a smile, and exclaimed abruptly :

"Call this dear child Miriam, as I do. I hate that stiff 'Miss Verney,' and I think she is now sufficiently adopted into our family to justify you in taking such a liberty. What say you to it yourself, Miriam—have you any objection?"

"Not the slightest," I replied—painfully conscious that my face betrayed less indifference than I tried to infuse into my voice—"you know, being the youngest sister, I have never been accustomed to the title of 'Miss Verney,' and I really dislike it as much as you can do."

"Ah well, then it will be all right, and my little whim can be gratified. Now remember, Stephen, that there is no Miss Verney here for the future. As to what Miriam is to call *you*, I leave you to settle that between yourselves. I cannot—"

"Thank you, we will not fail to do so," interrupted the gentleman quickly, and rising from table as he spoke; "but the morning is getting on, and I must go at once to see about our carriage:" then turning to me—"In half an hour, if you can be ready so soon, I shall be waiting at the door for you."

In much less than half an hour I had dressed and descended again to the drawing-room, and after vainly endeavouring to fix my attention on a book I had taken up, I stationed myself at the window where we had sat together the previous evening, and watched for Mr. Howard's return.

Somehow I missed seeing his arrival (perhaps the summer air had made me sleepy after my restless night; perhaps I was too deep in thought to be conscious of any external objects), and the first intimation I had of the fact was by feeling a hand lightly pressed upon my shoulder, and hearing a voice asking in cheerful accents: "Have I kept you waiting long, Emily?" I started violently—(dear reader, don't you think I *must* have been asleep? people do go to sleep sometimes without being aware of it, I'm told)—I started violently as Stephen Howard thus addressed me, but felt powerless at that moment to reply otherwise than by a brief negative as I took the arm he smilingly offered, and accompanied him to the little carriage—such a dear little easy carriage it was!—to the door.

When we had bowled off the rough stones—the Paris streets were very rough in those days—and were getting into the charm-



ing country leading to Meudon and St. Cloud, I mustered all the courage I could, and said suddenly :

"How did you know that my name was Emily, and why did you choose to call me by that in preference to the one Mrs. Howard has such a fancy for?"

"Thank you," he replied, bending such a friendly, heart-warm look upon me that I almost forgot in my enjoyment of that look what I had asked him; "thank you for showing me by the freedom of these questions that you forgive *my* freedom in so soon calling you by a Christian name at all. And now for my explanation. Mrs. Howard had told me some time ago your real name, and as I particularly admire it, and have not her reason for objecting to its use, I shall greatly prefer, at least when we are alone, calling you by it, instead of by the other. One word more and I have done. If you are to be Emily to me, I must be Stephen to you. I am sorry I cannot boast a less plain and unattractive appellation, but such as it is you must learn to endure it, for your precise and formal 'Mr. Howard,' I really cannot stand."

"I like your name," I replied presently and with perfect truth, "but I think just yet I should rather not venture upon doing as you say. It is quite another thing your calling me Emily—I like that, for it reminds me of home—but if you object to Mr. Howard I might call you Mr. Stephen: will not this do?"

"It certainly will not," he replied, laughing merrily: "Porson and Martin call me Mr. Stephen, and it does very well from them; but from you I will take nothing less than plain, unadorned Stephen, so the sooner you begin the better. Indeed I intend you to do all the talking to-day."

"Oh, I hope not," I said quickly: "I had been anticipating at least the commencement of that romance you promised me. We may not have so good an opportunity again."

"Never fear—we have a long summer before us yet, and, as Mrs. Howard assured us this morning, depend upon it we shall be left a good deal to our own resources. No, I want you to amuse *me* to-day by telling me something about your home at Wildwood—the name is so charmingly romantic—and about your parents and sisters and acquaintances. You see I claim a friend's privilege to be interested in all your concerns. Gratify me for this once, and another day I will amuse *you*."

I thought he only made this request from the belief that it was what I should like best, but as he *had* made it, and in apparent sincerity, I had no scruple in obeying him; for it *was* pleasant

to talk of home and past days to one who listened so attentively and kindly, and really seemed so warmly interested in all the different characters I described, and every foolish little incident I told him.

Of course I did not allude to John Livingston's attachment to myself, nor did I do more than touch upon Miriam Clyne's peculiarities, but concerning all else I was quite frank and open, and if Stephen Howard had not, long before the end of that day, a very clear picture in his mind of Wildwood and its inmates, it certainly was not the fault of the narrator.

I can find no words in which to speak of my own deep and intense enjoyment of that day, because it was an enjoyment that appeared altogether independent of the many outward accessories to it that my companion's thoughtfulness procured for me. No doubt, these did, in reality, contribute to my sense of absolute happiness, for what mere human happiness would not be augmented by sunshine (such sunshine as one gets out of England), pure air, lovely scenery, and the thousand other charms that summer brings? but, as I have said, it appeared to me that my source of delicious contentment lay far out of the reach of all these, and incapable of being affected by them. I was jealous already, you see, of anything, however fair and beauteous, coming near that one new and shining gem that I had enshrined in my foolish and still self-deceiving heart.

Towards the afternoon, we left our carriage at a little rustic *auberge*, which had also supplied us with a delicious luncheon of fresh fruit and bread, and went to walk in the smooth glades and amongst the leafy trees that on all sides surrounded us. Stephen thought I must be tired, and found me a delightful seat under a spreading oak, where to please him (for, indeed, I felt I could have walked on for ever in that enchanting place), I sat down and listened to a wild German story which he read me from a book he had brought with him, but only now produced.

I say I listened, because, in truth, I conscientiously endeavoured to do so, and because it would, under the circumstances have been the right thing to do; but I am bound to add, that I should terribly have exposed myself, had my companion taken it into his head to cross-question me about the story when it was finished. And how could I help it? I defy anybody with a mind intensely pre-occupied, either agreeably or the reverse, to listen to the most thrilling fiction that was ever penned.

Well, in my case, it did not matter in the least. I thanked the kind reader heartily when he closed his book; and seeing me look

so happy, it fortunately never occurred to him to ask me if I had been amused.

So then we talked again, or occasionally kept perfect silence, enjoying the dreamy stillness of the place and hour, while all the time—

“Summer woods about us blowing,  
Made a murmur in the land.”

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LAST DAYS IN PARIS.

I suppose everybody who has passed the age of childhood, can recal a period when life, though really flowing on in its accustomed channel, seemed wholly changed ; when a sparkling, golden haze enveloped all created things ; when the sun shone, and the trees waved, and the birds sang as they never had done before ; and when, in short, the dull working-day world was transformed into a bright, enchanting land of ever-varying pleasures, and existence itself appeared to have settled down into one happy, cloudless holiday !

Ah ! but the wise people, the gray beards, those who have long outlived youthful feelings and youthful reminiscences, will shake their heads at this, and even if they cannot help dimly recalling such a time, will declare that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit. And of course they are right, inasmuch as everything which limits its hopes and aspirations to this present world is vanity, and must end in vexation of spirit ; but let the truth remain, nevertheless (truth can scarcely be dangerous), that while it lasts—it is brief enough at best—this delirium of youth is wondrously sweet, “blinding sweet,” like the music made by the “great god Pan,” when he sat

“Down in the reeds by the river.”

Mrs. Howard fulfilled her promise of leaving “the young people” pretty much to their own resources, and as she appeared to have regained a tolerable degree of health and cheerfulness, neither Stephen nor myself had any disposition to quarrel with her arrangements. Dating from the day of our first happy drive, we became, to all external observation, like brother and sister ; as free, I mean, from all restraint, or shyness, or conventionality when we were together. Following the example of his step-mother, Stephen’s chief object while we remained in Paris seemed to be my amusement and gratification. I had but to express the slightest wish, and that wish was immediately complied with. I had but to

name in the most casual manner any place I had not yet seen, and to that place we should be sure to go on the following day. Perhaps if he had known how very little I cared where we went, or what we did in the way of beguiling the time, so long as *he* was with me, he would have taken less pains about the matter; but that was just the one secret which, as yet, I had no intention of sharing with him.

I was still entirely content to give my silent homage, to prostrate myself heart and soul before my idol, without asking or expecting any payment *in kind*. At least I thought I was, though what I felt on the rare occasions when just a gleam of hope would dawn for a moment on my mind—disappearing even more rapidly than it had come—might have convinced me that all things down in those heart recesses were not exactly what I believed them to be.

I think I shall find it difficult to convey a clear idea of the manner in which the little, almost imperceptible, gleams of hope I have spoken of came to me from time to time. When they were gone they appeared too trifling and meaningless to be remembered, and even at the period of their occurrence there was really nothing in them that a matter-of-fact, unimaginative person could well lay hold of. A sudden look of more than ordinary interest, an accidental, perhaps unconscious, term of endearment, a hand laid tenderly upon my hair, the gift of a flower I had days before expressed a fondness for,—these were the kind of things which for the moment stirred such tumultuous pulses in my weak heart, and which ought to have warned me, fleeting though they were, that I was at least beginning to admit the *possibility* of Stephen Howard stooping from his height to love me.

It is true, as I believe I have hinted before, that he seemed to have room in his great heart for all created things, from the noblest and worthiest of his own species to the lowest and meanest insect that ever crossed his path. I have seen him spend half an hour in endeavouring to restore animation to a fly that had fallen into a wine glass or milk jug, and we never walked in a garden, particularly after rain, that a good part of his time was not occupied in removing the worms which might be lying across the public way to some place of safety from less kindly feet. He kept no animals of his own, because Mrs. Howard disliked them, but I used to declare that every dog in Paris claimed a personal acquaintance with him; and as for cats (there were three besides kittens in the hotel where we were staying), I am sure they watched on the stairs for Stephen's passing up or down, just for the pleasure of rubbing

their noses against the warm, caressing hand, that never failed to give them an affectionate greeting. Another and a rather amusing way in which this constantly watchful benevolence showed itself, consisted in his deliverance of imprisoned insects from some cruel durance in which the *gamins* of Paris, who haunted the woods and boulevards of the city, were prone to hold their hapless victims. I have known him spend at least five francs in one day in buying the liberty of cockchafers, crickets, shining beetles, and others of the same tribe from the cruel or at best thoughtless little idlers who had constructed wooden cages for their prizes.

"This will grow," I used to say to him—as more than once I felt sure that poor Stephen had twice purchased captives from the same boy—"and instead of benefiting the insect race at large, you will find, in the end, that you have been its chief oppressor; because, as your peculiar generosity becomes known, there will be a universal crusade against every imaginable living thing whose liberty you will be supposed capable of paying for. Don't you see now the reasonableness of my remarks?"

He laughed for a minute or two softly and pleasantly, and then suddenly becoming very grave, replied:

"And if it *should* be so, Emily—far-seeing little philosopher that you are—it will only prove that what is said to be true on a large scale, may be equally true on a small one. Have you never heard that the result of almost all benevolent and philanthropic schemes is to do more harm than good to the individuals or communities intended to be benefited? There may be an explanation of this which we shall one day arrive at, and become wiser in our methods of acting; but in the meanwhile each man will do what his nature prompts, without very much considering what is to be the ultimate issue. Let me rescue my poor crickets and their brethren as long as I can, Emily, without having my pleasure spoiled or my conscience burdened by the thought that future crickets will suffer more for what I am doing."

And now, dear reader, do you begin to know Stephen Howard a little better, and to understand how it was that he might be very kind, very gentle, and even very loving to a young girl brought in daily contact with him as I was, without *necessarily* inspiring the belief that he was "*in love*" with her? I hate that hackneyed, vulgar phrase "*in love*," for it is always associated in my mind with vanity, folly, and coquetry, and everything rather than the one earnest, sacred feeling it professes to describe. I could not imagine Stephen Howard what is called "*in love*," but I could imagine him folding in the innermost sanctuary of the heart whose

outer courts admitted all, one pre-eminently favoured woman; and esteeming him as I did, it was not to be wondered at that I should desire passionately that I might be that woman, let the hope that beckoned me towards it be ever so faint and small.

I was sorry when the day approached for us to leave Paris, not that I had even yet grown indifferent to the charms of novel sights, and all the other pleasures our onward journeyings had in prospect; but that the Paris days had been such transcendently happy ones, that I dreaded their breaking up, however bright and fair might be the promise of those that were to come.

I had said something of this sort to Stephen, as we took our last Paris walk together in one of the quietest glades of the *bois de Boulogne* (it was not then the fashionable pleasure-ground it has since become), and he replied, after rallying me a little on the sadness of my tones:

"But I am longing to get you to Germany, Emily, to one place in particular, quite unfrequented by tourists, quite destitute of ordinary attractions, but a very, very great favourite of mine. Mrs. Howard has never been there, but she will go now to please me. The town is so ancient and so thinly peopled that grass grows luxuriantly in all the narrow streets; the houses are tall and dark-looking, and appear to frown down upon any passing stranger as if disputing his right to wander amidst their patrician gloominess. There are a few churches and I believe a couple of convents, which possess even a more sinister aspect than the houses I have spoken of. The name of the place is Schwartzten, and it is surrounded by dark forests of the most romantic and picturesque description. Now have I succeeded in exciting your interest in my dearest of little towns?"

"You have succeeded in inspiring me with a very particular horror of it," I replied, with a feeling of irritability I could scarcely account for myself; "and you, if you are sincere in the admiration for it which you express, must have some special cause for that admiration wholly unconnected with the place. A misanthrope might like such a city of desolation and dreariness, but a lover of sunshine and brightness and happy faces, would naturally detest it, and so would you."

"Well done, Emily," he said, laughing heartily at my earnestness: "your reasoning powers are really getting on to perfection; but I must not submit tamely to be scolded in this ferocious way, so, to punish you, I shall not tell you another word about my beautiful Schwartzten, nor the origin of my love for it, till I have you safely within its frowning walls. What do you say to that,



young lady? we will see if I cannot, once in a time, play the tyrant too."

In spite of his jesting manner, I did not thoroughly recover either my temper or spirits (you have known all along, dear reader, that I was a wilful young person in those days) during the whole of our walk; but Stephen would not appear to remark my foolishness, and exerted himself even more than usual to amuse and enliven me.

It had been a very oppressive evening, and after our return home, finding Mrs. Howard was lying down in her own room, I changed my dress for a cooler one, and went to make tea for Stephen and myself in our usual sitting apartment. By this time I had grown ashamed of my sulkiness, and resolved to atone for it by extra kindness and amiability as soon as I had an opportunity. I almost hoped that Stephen would be a little cold and distant now, that I might be the first to make the *amende*. I wanted to confess that I was not the sweetest-tempered person in the world, and to ask him to forgive me, but I could not do this unless he would show some consciousness of my having been in error. I thought from his remaining up stairs so long, that surely he intended doing so.

I was standing with my back to the door, looking out of the window, when at length he came in. I heard his footstep, but I did not turn round immediately. I was anxious for him to speak first, but he did not speak at all then: he only came softly behind me, and laid his hands with that light, caressing touch of his (which, alas! I am afraid even the cats shared) on both my shoulders; then, turning me gently round, he looked kindly and smilingly into my face.

"Still fretting at the thoughts of leaving Paris?" he asked, as my eyes not only drooped but filled beneath his gaze. "Come, Emily, I shall begin to accuse you, as you accused me just now, if you don't take care. We do not attach ourselves even to the most beautiful places so *very* warmly, for the places' sake alone—"

Here he paused abruptly, arrested, I suppose, by the guilty embarrassment that he must have seen in my crimson and downcast face, and, altogether ignorant as I am sure he was of its source, kindly tried to put me at my ease again. But even philanthropists may bungle sometimes in their methods of adding to the comfort of their fellow-creatures, and, assuredly, Stephen Howard did not just now choose the most likely means of dissipating the confusion he had excited.

Still keeping his hands upon my shoulders, he removed his eyes



from my face only to direct them to the various little details of my *toilette*, which he seemed to be examining with a critical minuteness that would have amused me at another time, because he was by no means prone to take note of such trifles.

"How tastefully you have dressed yourself to-night, Emily," he said, at last, though still looking, not at me, but at the dress he was feigning to admire; "such dainty little ribbons and laces, and such an elegant bracelet, and above all such a captivating jacket which suits your figure admirably—you call that Indian muslin, don't you? how soft and filmy it is to the touch!—young girls should always wear white in summer—did you make that pretty jacket yourself, Emily?"

"No," I said, withdrawing myself gently, and as naturally as I could, from the imprisoning hands, under whose touch, light as it might be, I did not expect to regain my self-possession; "I only made the least important part of it. The rest was my cousin Miriam's work—she is much cleverer than myself at all this sort of thing."

"Ah," he exclaimed—once more drawing his hand tenderly down the sleeve, as if he really enjoyed the feel of the "soft, filmy" texture—"you are over-modest, I think, little Emily; but, come now and make this tea that has so long been waiting our leisure. Mrs. Howard will probably join us by and bye, and perhaps want me to sing to her."

He was right, for the lady came in before we had been five minutes at the tea-table, and Stephen was required to exert his rare voice for her entertainment during the remainder of the evening.

As for me, I was content to sit apart and listen to him. I was, indeed, wholly dissatisfied with myself and my own doings from the time of our walk in the wood that afternoon to the present hour; but the future was before me, in which I might surely amply atone for all, and as for Stephen—had he ever been kinder, gentler, more affectionate than on this evening, when I had deserved nothing from him but coldness and neglect?

Absorbed in my own thoughts, I only felt that the music I had been listening to was exquisitely sweet. I knew nothing of the words the musician had been singing till Mrs. Howard, as he at last closed the piano, said, quite reproachfully:

"I never gave you credit for even possessing such mournful ditties as you have been treating us to to-night, Stephen; what malignant spirits have been haunting you that you should be inspired to sing of nothing but 'stricken hearts' and 'days of happiness gone by?'"

"Oh, they are some new ballads that have lately come out," Stephen answered with a smile; but somehow or other, I did not quite believe this explanation; and I would have given a great deal to know what kind of spirits really *had* been haunting him since our return from the wood.

"Well, well," said his step-mother with a sigh for his smile, "new or old, don't sing them to us again. Miriam and myself would rather bask in the sunshine than be carried forcibly into the shade. Good-night to both of you."

"Good-night, Emily," Stephen said, coming up to shake hands with me as Mrs. Howard left the room; "I am sorry my poor songs have been disapproved. I would not willingly withdraw any one, you least of all, from the genial sunshine. It is your natural element, and God forbid that through me you should ever be brought into the shade."

"I really like your songs," I answered, and trying as I spoke to smile away the solemnity that had crept into his last words: "Mrs. Howard is sometimes at fault when she speaks for me."

But he only said "good-night" again, pressed my hand warmly, and left me.

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## CHAPTER XV.

### INFLUENCE OF ITALIAN SKIES.

For two or three weeks after this, Stephen and myself had comparatively few opportunities of learning more of each other than we had hitherto done. Mrs. Howard, once put in motion, liked to travel very rapidly, and one of her most restless moods taking possession of her as soon as we had left Paris, our sojourn in each new place we visited was too brief to permit anything beyond a passing glance at its different objects of interest.

Under other circumstances I think I should particularly have enjoyed the hurry and novel excitement of this mode of journeying, but just now when I had grown to appreciate so thoroughly the deliciously quiet life we had led in Paris (at least, since Stephen's arrival), I must acknowledge that it wearied me exceedingly, and that not all the marvels which Italian cities could boast, afforded me half the gratification I had experienced from one of my pleasant walks in the *bois de Boulogne* with Stephen alone, or even from one of those still, dreamy twilights when we had sat at the open window of our hotel looking down upon the gay, moving throng that peopled

the *Champs Elysées*, and talking together with an ever-increasing consciousness of the pleasure of thus freely exchanging thought for thought.

Sometimes I tormented myself by imagining that Stephen purposely avoided a renewal of that familiar intercourse which had been so precious to me, and to which he certainly at one period had confidently looked forward; but then again it appeared evident that Mrs. Howard's individual restlessness was alone in fault, and that, however much he had wished things to be different, his power in the matter was as limited as my own.

Once I ventured to say to him, when he was questioning me closely as to the actual enjoyment I derived from our present very "fast" mode of existence, that I liked it infinitely less than the time we had had in Paris, and that I should be really glad when we came to any place of encampment, though it were far less attractive in itself than those we were so rapidly passing through.

"I thought you were getting tired," he answered, and by one of those apparently sudden impulses of tenderness to which I have before alluded, gently stroking my hair as he spoke; "but you must have a little patience yet. By and bye, we shall all rest, mentally as well as physically, I hope. Wait till I get you to my delightful Schwartzen, and into those forests of endless shade which surround it. Even poor Mrs. Howard's activity will die quietly and peaceably there, I think."

"I wish it would die at once," I said; and then, giving expression to a thought that had been haunting me for some days past, I asked abruptly:

"What is the origin of this extraordinary activity and restlessness that come and go with equal uncertainty? and why, when Mrs. Howard seems anxious to take one of her long walks alone, do you always manage for either Porson or Martin to accompany her? You know, you promised me a certain history weeks and weeks ago. I have been a miracle of patience hitherto; but my curiosity and interest grow daily, and if you are determined still to defer their gratification, tell me at least whether your step-mother has ever had anything—I mean, has her mind ever suffered more than it is doing now from those early trials you told me of?"

I was afraid I had put my question very awkwardly and stupidly after all, but Stephen looked and spoke so kindly that my courage revived.

"I believe I understand you, Emily," he said; and your enquiry is a natural one, although the suspicion it implies is happily without foundation. What *may be* in the future, we know not, and

therefore we are bound to be watchful ; but for the past, notwithstanding that it has been overshadowed by thick, dark clouds, there have been none so thick and dark as the one to which your imagination has pointed."

"I am very glad and thankful to know this."

It was a natural comment to make on what my companion had just told me, and I was not conscious of speaking with particular emphasis ; but I suppose I must have done so, for Stephen, suddenly grasping my hand, said earnestly and anxiously :

"My poor child, you have then been living in bodily terror. Oh, Emily, why did you not confide these thoughts of yours to me sooner? Now I see why you have been looking pale and weary lately, and why your spirits have been so frequently depressed. Poor, dear girl! and yet, through all, you have devoted yourself to what you consider your duties more zealously than ever ; you have often lately (for I know it through Martin) sat up reading to Mrs. Howard half through the night ; you have—"

"Now, do please let me put in a word," I interrupted at last, and trying to conceal with gay smiles how very deeply his extreme tenderness touched me ; "let me assure you, on my word of honour, that you are quite as much mistaken in *your* suspicions as I was in mine. Not a shadow of personal fear has ever once disturbed me, nor would, I believe, had I been left quite alone with the lady we are speaking of. As for my reading to her at nights when she cannot sleep, that"—(here I could really laugh in expectation of the look I should get from my listener)—"that, you know, was in *our* agreement ; and if it had not been, surely this is a small thing to do for one who has literally overwhelmed me with every description of kindness."

"True, true," he said, "but your health is suffering from some cause or other—I had found this out before to-day—and we must think of a plan, without alarming Mrs. Howard, for changing the present aspect of affairs. If I told her you were looking ill, you would either be carried back to England immediately, or persecuted with half the doctors in Italy. What shall we do to avoid either of these inflictions, and yet secure you a little needful repose?"

"Oh! I can wait for my repose," I replied with a cheerfulness that was perfectly genuine now ; "for, indeed, I am quite strong and well, and capable of going through much more than you seem to think. Besides, I am really anxious to have a peep at Rome, and if any change was suggested in our present travelling plans, we might not get there at all. Promise me to leave everything as it is, until we have seen Rome?"

"Very good, Miss Verney. You possess certainly a wonderful talent for always having your own way ; but I give you notice that I shall watch you narrowly, and if I find your roses fading, or your spirits drooping, I shall take the reins into my own hands, and act according to my own discretion."

Truly there was little fear of my growing either pale or sad while I knew that those kind eyes were keeping tender guard over me.

In another week we arrived at Rome, that focus of all interest and attraction for travellers in general, and for the lovers of art and dreamers of every description, in particular. To Stephen it was as much an untrodden ground as to myself, and either to gratify him or because the fever had begun from its own strength to subside, Mrs. Howard announced that she had resolved on spending a fortnight here, and that we were free to amuse ourselves and wander about as leisurely as we had done in Paris.

"Only now," she added, "I must stipulate that the reading lessons commence, as I am sick of prose, and yearning to listen to some of my grand old poets again. This little Miriam of mine is a dear child, and she has had a martyr's patience with all my whims and fancies of late ; but until she can read poetry, there will be an important element wanting in her education, and this I look to you, Stephen, to supply."

Stephen said nothing then ; but the very first time we took a walk together beyond the city walls, when in the calm stillness of an exquisite evening we were seated amongst some of those glorious old ruins, concerning which too much has been written to leave me a word to say, with a blue-gray sky, cloudless as we picture eternity, smiling down upon us,—he drew forth a small volume of poems, and asked me if I was inclined to begin our task.

I think that first lesson bore a nearer resemblance to a farce, than even to a melodrama, for we did little else but laugh the whole time. The absurdity of the thing (for after all it *was* absurd, for a young man to set gravely about teaching a young woman to read poetry) struck me forcibly, and helped me to make more blunders in my attempts at imitating my instructor than I should probably otherwise have done. I told him that nature had forgotten to put a single particle of romance into my composition, and that consequently I should never be able to do justice to the poets whom both he and his step-mother so passionately admired. Then he paid me the first compliment I had ever received from him.

"I do believe, Emily," he said earnestly, "that you have an

essentially healthy nature, and that you would make anybody happier and better with whom you lived."

"Even without appreciating poetry?" I enquired, seeking to cover with a laugh the gratification such praise from him afforded me.

"Yes, just as you are," he replied, closing the book for the night; "though, mind, I don't quite credit all you tell me on the subject of your own nature. We have laughed and jested over our first lesson, but we shall see what the others will bring forth. Under such a sky, and amidst such scenery as this, I could almost defy you to remain unpoetical; but laugh and be merry while you can, and if you never learn to look for more beauty than the eye immediately discerns in any of the myriad wonders of the earth or heavens, I for one shall not quarrel with you, as long as you keep the pure, fresh, unworldly heart you have at present."

There came a time when I ceased to laugh, or to have the least inclination to be merry, over those memorable reading lessons. Stephen Howard was far too genuine and enthusiastic a poet himself, to be otherwise than seriously interested in unfolding to his pupil the beauties of those fellow poets, who had made the world ring with their sweet, sad music, and unless I had possessed some remarkable intellectual deficiency, it could not but have followed, as a matter of course, that my ears and heart soon opened once and for ever to the syren tones.

I don't know what progress I made in *reading* poetry (for, although my master warmly commended me, I believed him to be a partial judge), but I know that I grew to love it only less, perhaps, than he did, and to gather into my life again even a fuller, deeper happiness than that which I had experienced in Paris.

He was so very kind to me. I fear the reader will be weary of this oft repeated statement, but it was such an ever-present, ever-influencing fact to me, that I cannot help continually reverting to it. Of course Mrs. Howard was kind too, quite as kind as Stephen I am bound to acknowledge; for fitful, and capricious though her moods were with all besides, she was invariably the same to me; but who needs to be reminded of the different estimation in which we hold the kindness of one who is dear to us, and the kindness of one whom we cannot love? I was grateful certainly in both cases, but the gratitude differed immensely, and bore fruits of opposite hues.

Mrs. Howard had one of her quiet, dejected fits upon her while we remained in Rome, keeping chiefly to her own apartment, and scarcely ever accompanying us on any of our daily excursions. I



thought she had forgotten all about the reading lesson, which she had herself commanded; but one evening when, in consequence of a succession of heavy showers, we were sitting together at home, she said suddenly:

"By the bye, Miriam, this wet night will give me an excellent opportunity of discovering how far you have benefited by Stephen's instruction. Be good enough to fetch a volume of poetry,—Coleridge if it is at hand,—and read me something aloud."

Fortunately, Coleridge was not at hand, that is to say, it was safe in Mr. Howard's pocket, where, on an imploring look from me, he took care to keep it, thus sparing me the ordeal I had dreaded of reading then and there the exquisite ballad I had once been accused of murdering. I think I might have done more justice to it now, but I preferred, before those two auditors, having my improvement tested through the medium of any subject of which love was *not* the theme.

Finally, one of Wordsworth's simple, but beautiful pieces was selected for my first trial, and though I felt very nervous, and had a most unsteady voice in commencing, Mrs. Howard declared that I read admirably, and that both teacher and pupil deserved the greatest credit.

"We must find Coleridge, however," she said, patting my blushing cheek approvingly, "for I am sure you will now do full justice to my delicious 'Genivieve.' You have managed to strike out a few sparks from the granite rock after all, Stephen?"

Stephen looked at me and smiled. "Nay," he replied, "the sparks were only latent, and you must give to poetry itself, and the soft Italian skies, the merit of kindling them. I have been but the simple, mechanical agent in the matter."

I *felt* rather than *saw* the keen, enquiring glance that Mrs. Howard shot from one to the other of us as her step-son thus spoke. What her penetration discovered in those few seconds I cannot tell, but she said, and I fancied a little bitterly:

"Such simple mechanical agents are rather common in these latter days. Miriam, my child, I feel too weary and stupid to be good company to-night. Give me your arm as far as my bedroom, and then you can, if you please, return and make tea for this lonely gentleman."

I sat with her an hour, however, before there was any further question of my going back to the drawing-room and the lonely gentleman who occupied it. Mrs. Howard appeared to be suffering more than usual, and in her moments of physical weakness, she always clung to me with additional tenderness. I thought I had



never known her so caressingly affectionate, so full of anxious kindness as she was to-night; and yet—ungrateful and infatuated that I was!—I longed to be released from my attendance upon this loving friend and to find myself again with him who day by day and even hour by hour took a firmer hold of my hitherto callous heart.

At length Mrs. Howard seemed to perceive my restlessness and at once to divine its cause. Sighing deeply, she abruptly released the hand she had taken into her own, and, still speaking with the utmost kindness, said:

"Go down, dear, if you will. An old woman is at best but a poor exchange for a young man—at least in the eyes of youth—Stephen has been very kind in teaching you to read poetry, but he did it at my request and we need not, considering how you have advanced, trouble him any further. I think we have all had enough of Rome, and as soon as we can make the necessary arrangements we will move onwards."

With a strange sinking of the heart I hurried down to Stephen bearing this unwelcome intelligence, and hoping, nay quite convinced, that he would fully share my regret at leaving a place we had both so thoroughly enjoyed.

To my surprise he expressed neither sorrow nor disappointment on his own account, and even laughed at me—though he had been looking grave enough when I went in—for being so "put out" about it.

"We shall get all the sooner to Schwartzen, my fairyland, my arcadia," he added, mischievously I believe, for he must have known that I hated the very name of the place; "will not this thought reconcile you to our order of removal, Emily?"

"I detest your Schwartzen," I answered passionately, and really feeling terribly hysterical, "and I would far rather go back to England at once than be taken to such a black, miserable wilderness. Why must you always talk of Schwartzen, Schwartzen, as if your very life was bound up in that odious little town. I think it has bewitched you."

"And what has bewitched *you*, Emily?" he asked, coming over suddenly to the far corner where I had seated myself, and taking both my passive hands into his own. "Come, I must see if I cannot undo the malignant spell that has been cast over you to-night. It may be our last, for some time, of quiet converse—suppose I begin that romance so long promised and which I confess is painfully haunting my own memory this evening. What do you say?"

"That I will be a very attentive and grateful listener," I

replied, once more soothed and comforted by his exceeding kindness. "Indeed, I shall like it very much."

So after tea I took out my work, and with recovered spirits listened to Stephen's recital of Mrs. Howard's strange and mournful history. I will try to give it in his words (for men are briefer and clearer in their narrations than women) in the following chapter.

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## CHAPTER. XVI.

### PAULINE.

Mrs. Howard never knew the blessings of a mother's love and care. Both her parents died, within a year or two of each other, before their little Pauline was out of the nursery. A maiden sister of the father's adopted the child who was well provided for as regards fortune, and after giving her a sound home education sent her for a couple of years to Paris that she might acquire those showy accomplishments which Miss Mountjoy, the elder, herself despised, but which were deemed by the world in general essential to a young lady in Pauline's sphere of life. At nineteen she returned a "finished gentlewoman," to the quiet English village and exceedingly dull home where she was henceforth to reside, and which no doubt would soon have crushed or saddened irremediably a spirit less joyous and elastic than that of Pauline Mountjoy. To her, life itself—apart from its external pleasures—was all gladness, all happiness and hope. In vain the sober aunt preached to her of the vanity of terrestrial things, and the utter falseness of the world that surrounded them; in vain she assured the bright young creature who listened demurely to her sermons, that she would one day awake from her present idle dream and find her paradise transformed into a desert—Pauline believed not a word of it. In her fresh young wisdom, the glowing hopes she cherished were certain of realization, and all her fellow-beings were just as true and honest and straightforward as they appeared to be.

I have said that the village where Miss Mountjoy lived was quiet, and the cottage home of the two ladies dull. You may judge how far this is a true picture, when I tell you that, except the clergyman and the doctor, they had no male acquaintances whatever. The former was an old man with an old invalid wife; the latter a middle-aged widower with one little boy. Pauline had literally no amusements beyond those which her long solitary walks afforded her, and the occasional practice (she was never very industriously inclined) of

the accomplishments she had acquired in France. The village, or rather its neighbourhood, had, however, one great attraction which from time to time brought down strangers from London, though rarely for more than a day. It was a good place for fishing—it has since then become famous—and in the summer season the banks of the clear river were often quite gay with the anglers who were lazily stretched there, watching their coloured floats bobbing up and down in the water, and enjoying the sunshine and the breeze as these idle people certainly do manage specially to enjoy them.

Pauline had been at home about two months—enduring the monotony of her existence with infinite patience—when one afternoon, coming in from a long ramble, she exclaimed in the most animated accents to Miss Mountjoy :

“Oh, Aunt Mary, I have made such a charming acquaintance this morning. I was strolling along the upper bank of the river playing with Venus (Venus was her little dog) and her ball, when suddenly the ball rolled down the bank, and Venus, not choosing to venture such a steep descent, began barking violently. In another minute, and while I stood laughing at Venus’s absurd dilemma, a gentleman in fishing costume had climbed the bank and was politely handing me the lost treasure. Of course I put on a grave face at once—I did indeed, aunt,—and thanked him for his courtesy. Then, as he still lingered, I could not avoid asking him what sport he had had ; and so we got into conversation, and he walked nearly home with me. He told me his name was Milton, and said something about knowing or having known our vicar—he is so handsome, Aunt Mary—I can’t help that, can I ?”—(for Aunt Mary was looking ominously grave)—“and perhaps he will look in this evening just to see *you*, and to tell me how many fish he has caught.”

I think Aunt Mary’s comments upon this adventure of her niece’s can be too well imagined to require me to detail them here. Suffice it to say that she was seriously displeased with the giddy Pauline ; and not content with forbidding her ever to speak to a stranger again, declared that if Mr. Milton presumed to call (which, for the honour of humanity, she trusted he would not do), he was to be driven ignominiously from the door.

That same evening, as the aunt and niece sat in a melancholy silence drinking their tea together, a servant entered the room and announced—“The vicar, please ma’am, with another gentleman.”

Poor Miss Mountjoy had barely time to cast a wrathful and suspicious glance at the blushing Pauline, before the two visitors were beside her, the elder presenting his companion to the lady of

the house as Mr. Claude Milton, a gentleman who desired greatly the honour of her acquaintance. Of course any expression of her real sentiments was now quite out of the question, not to mention that the vicar's introduction gave a different aspect to the whole affair. That worthy person simply told Miss Mountjoy that he had known Mr. Milton some years ago, and that his young friend having now by the merest accident found him out, and being an enthusiastic angler, was going to pass a week or two at the vicarage. No doubt Mr. Milton was more communicative to Miss Pauline, but she did not trouble her aunt with any further explanations, seeming indeed to consider that both Miss Mountjoy and herself had gained too immeasurably by the introduction to make an excuse for it in the slightest degree necessary. To Pauline, I need scarcely tell you, this was the commencement of that new, bright, intoxicating life her ardent imagination had so often painted, and for which she had so hopefully and uncomplainingly waited. She was a girl who must have loved—loved passionately and recklessly—the first individual whose outward attractions should give her a foundation whereon to build that magnificent structure from her own materials, which, standing forth in its finished beauty, her true, generous, and impassioned heart was for ever to worship. Claude Milton was precisely the man to suit her purpose. Young, handsome, dreamy, and singularly susceptible himself, with an intellect just sufficiently cultivated to render him an agreeable companion, it was not likely that any romantic girl on whom he happened to fix his affections should look below so fair a surface for less desirable qualities. Certainly Pauline did not. Once avowed her lover, he was sacred in her eyes from the slightest suspicion that might have proclaimed him even on a level with other mortal men. I believe his admiration and love for this beautiful and really unsophisticated girl were genuine, and that having good expectations himself, her fortune had nothing whatever to do with his desire of marrying her. Miss Mountjoy, I ought to tell you, never cordially liked him, and acting on her own impressions she threw all the obstacles she possibly could in the way of the engagement. But Pauline, never losing her temper or her sunny spirits throughout, quietly removed these objections one by one, and at length compelled her aunt to admit that there was nothing more for them to fight about, and that the engagement might as well be made public.

“Make it public when you like,” said Miss Mountjoy with an ominous shake of the head, “only remember that after that, it will be more difficult to break off should either of you change your

minds. I don't know what *you* will turn out when all this mad effervescence of youth has passed away, but I know that most *men* are weak and selfish, and I firmly believe this man to be no better than his fellows."

Pauline's reply to her aunt's gratuitous warnings showed that they had not made the very faintest impression upon her.

"Dear Aunt Mary," she said, "as you will soon lose me altogether now, you must grant me the first favour I have ever asked of you. You must let me invite Emmeline Dundas, a dear, dear school friend of mine, to stay with me until I am married. I shall want her for a thousand things, and indeed it was an agreement between us that the first who was engaged should have the other to go and stay with her. May I write to-day?"

"What is your 'dear, dear friend,' like?" Miss Mountjoy, with a slight curl of her thin lip, not unnaturally enquired.

"Oh," said Pauline enthusiastically, "she is a darling, a perfect little enchantress, I assure you, aunt—so good and true and sweet altogether, and lovely as a poet's dream."

"Humph!" coughed the unimaginative aunt—who had herself outlived the "mad effervescence" of youth—"she must be indeed a *rara avis*. Invite her, Pauline, by all means."

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(To be continued.)

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## THE SHAMROCK.

BY JUVERNA (ELIZABETH SHERIDAN CAREY).

THEY hymn the ROSE, the fairest flow'r (<sup>o</sup>)  
 That graces high-born beauty's bow'r ;  
 They sing the stately THISTLE's praise,  
 And Scotia greets the minstrel lays.

Gemm'd with the brilliants of the morn,  
 And guarded by the jealous thorn,  
 All perfume, colour, brightness, bloom,  
 To charm the eye, the ROSE's doom ;—

Youth's clust'ring locks of gold to wreathe ;  
 On sainted Shrine, to incense breathe,  
 To fade above the lonely bed  
 Where sleeps in peace the silent dead :

Of love and war and fame to tell ;  
 Of Knightly (<sup>o</sup>) feat and Beauty's spell ;  
 Round England's haughty Shield to twine,  
 The symbol of her sceptred line.

On breezy moor by mountains blue,  
 The hardy THISTLE meets the view ;  
 Midst pastures wild, erect and tall,  
 It tow'ring lifts its head o'er all ;

Unbending, independent, proud,  
 Not quailing when the blasts blow loud,  
 But calm, prepar'd, defiant, stern,  
 Confronting cloud and beam in turn :

With leaves serrated, sharp, austere,  
 That wound the hand that comes too near ;  
 With purple crest and silver down,  
 It fiercely wears the warrior's frown.

And dear the THISTLE to the brave,  
 Where pibrochs sound and tartans wave ;  
 Priz'd in the Castle and the Cot,  
 The pride of ev'ry gallant Scot.



Arm'd cap-à-pie it, valiant, shows,  
Her champion Knight, beside the Rose,  
And woe betide the luckless wight,  
That queenly flow'r, who seeks to slight.

THE ROSE, THE THISTLE—bright and green,  
The triple leaves start up between,  
And Erin's SHAMROCK, bath'd in dew, (°)  
Claims loving recognition too.

It tells of battles fought and won,  
Of danger dar'd and duty done,—  
Of wit, of genius,—gen'rous zeal,—  
Of hearts of gold and hands of steel ;—

Of all that, through the mist of years,  
The exile sees midst gath'ring tears,  
Bright-hued across the scowling waves—  
Home, country, friends—and moss-grown graves.

It bides not in the gay parterre ;  
It sheds no fragrance on the air ;  
It rises not on martial stem,  
And bears no kingly diadem :

In dewy meads, in ferny glades,  
Near briery banks and forest shades,  
Its tiny tufts and blossoms sweet,  
The maiden's searching glances meet.

O ROSE of ENGLAND, summer's queen,  
Flout not the triple leaves of green ;  
Nor SCOTTISH THISTLE view with scorn  
The modest verdure lowly born.

St. Patrick mark'd the symbol clear,  
And simple minds, with faith sincere,  
The truths he came to teach, receiv'd  
And in THE TRINITY believ'd.

Where beauty blooms with witching grace ;  
Where valour holds the foremost place ;  
Where virtue shines and genius rare,—  
No stranger is THE SHAMROCK there.



St. George's banner, borne on high,  
Has stream'd athwart the stormy sky,  
St. Andrew's Cross has tower'd aloft  
In many a bloody field full oft ;

And in the thickest of the fray,  
When vict'ry paus'd to crown the day,  
The Harp of Erin, SHAMROCK-TWIN'D,  
Flung chords of triumph on the wind.

Place for the SHAMROCK's em'rald leaves  
When blue-eyed Albion fondly weaves  
The wreath imperial, doom'd to bind  
The sov'reign brow that awes mankind.

## I.

VICTORIA, Thine, in royal Scene, (<sup>d</sup>)  
With proud white hand to trace  
The tenure of Thine ancient Throne,  
The legend of Thy Race.

## II.

DIEU-ET-MON-DROIT ! right-kingly scroll  
That stirs the blood to see,  
Naught may thy potent sense control  
Or dare to question thee.

## III.

Go, beauteous ROSE,—go THISTLE bright,  
Go SHAMROCK purely green,  
Entwine the spell—GOD-AND-MY-RIGHT !—  
Haught watchword of OUR QUEEN.

Aug. 11, 1862.

## [NOTES.]

(\*) *The Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock.* For the fuller information of our Continental readers who sometimes, and very pardonably, confuse "*les Armes d'Angleterre*" or, as we once actually read it in the English of a Frenchman, "*the weapons of England*," we give the following under the authority of the Ulster King of Arms, Sir Bernard Burke :

"*Motto*—DIEU ET MON DROIT, in the compartment below the shield ; with the Union Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle engrafted on the same stem.

"Badges"	{	1. ENGLAND—The red and white rose united.	}	All ensigned with the royal crown."
		2. SCOTLAND—A THISTLE.		
		3. IRELAND—A HARP, or, the strings, arg.		
		4. IRELAND—A SHAMROCK-LEAF, vert.		

(b) "*Of knightly feat*," v. 4. In Collins's *Peerage of England*, vol. v. p. 80, in the record of the family of CAREY LORD HUNSDON we find the following—"The said Robert Carey (son and heir of Sir John Carey) was so noted for his valour, fortitude, and skill in arms, that an Arragonian Knight, who in divers countries had performed many worthy enterprizes, visiting England and challenging any man of his rank to make trial of his skill in arms, he accepted of the challenge and overthrowing him in the combat in Smithfield, he was knighted by that king (Henry iv.) and restored to part of his inheritance ; also, in memory of the combat, assumed the arms of the said Arragonian Knight, viz. *Three Roses on a bend*."

To the high poetic talent of MADAME BEAUVAIN D'ALTENHEYM (*Gabrielle Soumet*) we are indebted for one of the most exquisite pictures of the Queen of flowers ever painted in words. Nor is her glowing and beautiful description of the Rose, otherwise than heightened in interest to the English reader by the circumstance that the gifted authoress has, in the struggle between the Houses of York and Lancaster, chosen the opportunity for its introduction. The rival Roses meet upon her page, not torn, blood-stained, and dishevelled as on the battle-field, but in the proud parterre, springing upwards from the emerald turf, glittering with dew-drops, and in all the stateliness of their fragrant and brilliant bloom.

Daughter of a gifted father, the celebrated Author of *La divine Epopée*, Madame d'Altenheim is equally distinguished as poet, dramatist, and historian : her works are held in deserved esteem by her countrymen ; while to our attention she has a more than ordinary claim. Early attracted by the wealth of our literature, this lady applied herself to the study of the language of Shakespeare and Milton, and so successfully as to read and relish in the original the productions of our greatest Authors.

A translation of portions of Young's "*Night Thoughts*" on which Madame d'Altenheim has been latterly engaged, is remarkable for the beauty and vigour with which, in majestic and harmonious rhythm, she has rendered into French the finer periods of a poem that, ranked among our National Classics, has in addition, a powerful charm for religious and contemplative minds. *Le Gladiateur* represented at the *Theatre Français*, and *Jane Grey*, performed at the *Odéon*, both five-act tragedies, are sufficient to establish the fame of the Poetess ; among her other principal works may be cited *Recits de l'histoire d'Angleterre* ; *les Anges d'Israël* ; *le Poète* ; and *Deux Oiseaux pour une cage*, an historical allegory in which we suspect that a political meaning may be detected under the graces of style, the charm of sensibility, and the brilliant coruscations of fancy.

The noble lyric by H. Kains Jackson, in the June number of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," is, without doubt, a tribute to the Rose as impassioned and eloquent as ever genius paid.

(c) *The Shamrock*: in Irish, *Seamrog*. The white clover (*Trifolium repens*) is very commonly used and mistaken for the real shamrock of "the good old times,"—that which, according to tradition, the Patron Saint of Ireland employed to render the mystery of the Trinity intelligible to the rude perceptions of the natives of Wicklow. The best reasons exist for assuming that the Common Wood-sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*) is the true Shamrock sought for on the Seventeenth of March and held in veneration by the Sons of Erin. Sir Henry Piers in Vallency's "*Collectanea de Rebus Hibernicis*;"—the "*Irish Hudibras*" (1689) and Fynes Morrison furnish particulars that leave small doubt upon the subject. The gradual disappearance of the forests and the system of land-drainage created that scarcity of the Wood-sorrel which has led to the adoption of the White-clover as its substitute.

In the forest of Soigné, in Belgium, a lady-friend of the writer, one of a happy party, gathered, with true Irish sympathy, a real Shamrock. Carefully carried to Brussels, duly potted and tenderly transported to Versailles, the triple-leaves flourished for many "Seventeenths" in honour of St. Patrick and in memory of a charming excursion to the ruined Priory of *Groenendaal*, with gifted and highly accomplished friends. An absence, unexpectedly protracted through a severe winter, proved fatal to our favourite: on our return to the Rue St. Martin, "*the real Shamrock*" was but a knot of withered fibres.

For a detailed notice of the *Seamrog* we refer the reader to a highly interesting serial "*The Wild Flowers of Great Britain, botanically and popularly described by Doctor Robert Hogg and George W. Johnson, Esq.,*" illustrated by the tasteful and accurate pencil of *Charlotte Gower*. The work is issued in monthly parts, each of which offers, for one shilling, "four life-size portraits all of which are carefully drawn from nature and coloured by hand," and eight pages of corresponding letter-press. The drawings, which, while remarkable for fidelity, are free, slight and masterly, are executed upon stone by a lady whose talent as an artist, and accuracy as an observer of nature are favourably displayed.

(d) *Scone*. In the autumn of 1842, when the Queen made her first visit to Scotland accompanied by H.R.H. the Prince Albert, the City of Perth was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty and her Royal Consort. At Scone, in accordance with an ancient prescription observed when the Sovereign entered the palace where the coronation of the Kings of Scotland was formerly celebrated, the Guildry-book was presented for the Royal signature. The Queen responded graciously, and, taking up a pen, wrote in the fine and firm character which distinguishes her hand,

"VICTORIE REGINÆ,"

without a moment's hesitation adding the haughty legend that, calling to victory at the battle of Gisors, has become the motto of our Kings,

"DIEU-ET-MON-DROIT."

This memorable incident occurred "within the walls of Scone," on Sept. 7th, 1842.

E. S. C.

## THE COUNTY BALL.

BY JOHN PLUMMER.

THE cold wintry wind swept across the Market Square, and dashed with futile violence against the lighted windows of the Town Hall, as the carriages drove up to the festooned door-way, and deposited their fair burdens in safety at the gaily decorated entrance to the passage which led to the spacious room in which the County Ball was to take place. The shivering groups of spectators waited long and patiently in the biting cold, in the vain and illusive hope of obtaining a glimpse of the festivities which were heralded by the sounds proceeding from the disagreeable but necessary process of "tuning;" and they even attempted a faint cheer as three smiling maidens emerged from the ball-room for one minute, to speak to some Abigail who had sent a hurried message to them; but the hurrah froze in their throats, and as the first soft flakes of snow began to fall, they slowly retreated to their homes, leaving the single policeman and the sleepy doorkeeper to themselves, a circumstance which probably accounted for the mysterious disappearance of sundry mugs of porter, forwarded from the Blue Lion. Within the hall, the scene was one of extreme gaiety. Rosy cheeked damsels were waltzing, as only English maidens can; regardless of the numberless hearts broken by their innocent smiles, or rendered fiercely jealous at the least attention paid to others. Thoughtful mammas, staid guardians, and wealthy uncles were there in abundance; but youth and pleasure formed the chief element of the company, the sight of which would have warmed the heart of a cynic.

From time immemorial, county balls have always been considered fair game for the wit and the caricaturist, but it is doubtful whether they deserve the sarcastic shafts so mercilessly hurled at them. We once beheld a Parisian caricature of an English nobleman's country seat, where "Milord" and "Miladi" were represented as being engaged in the eminently British pastime of "*le box*," preparatory to their mid-day repast; while "*l'enfant*" was delineated as amusing himself by teasing "*le boule doug*" with sundry pieces of plum-pudding and "*ros bif*."

This was absurd enough, but not more so than the ludicrously stupid descriptions of many amateur novelists and humorous writers, who mistake "exaggeration" for *truth*, and "ill-nature" for *observation*. No doubt, there is much existing which may be considered as fair game for literary and pictorial censure; but it does not exist so extensively as in the never-to-be-regretted days when George the Third was King.

Then county balls were a solemn farce, and in perfect keeping with a period when the ancient churches of our agricultural districts were thronged with portly forms attired in blue coats, decorated with elaborate rows of shining brass buttons ; when smock frocks of snowy texture, knee breeches of extremely venerable date, rusty leather gaiters, scuttle-shaped bonnets, and scarlet cloaks shivered and trembled in the cold biting draught which swept through the broad chinks in the worm-eaten doors, and rushed down the ghostly looking white-washed aisles ; when the pompous Dowager Lady of the Manor rode in the antiquated family coach to the mouldering church-porch, and was solemnly aided to alight from the creaking and rusty carriage steps by the officious Beadle, whose enormous cocked hat, and massive mace, were the terror of the juveniles far and wide ; when the choleric, hard-swearing Squire arrived in *his* carriage, and, with eyes still red from the orgies of the previous night, would stumble into his pew to sleep off the effects of his debauch ; and when the gaudy-waistcoated and top-booted farmers would crowd up the central aisle, and take forcible possession of the cosiest pews, dividing their attention between the responses and mental calculations as to the breed, shape, size, and colour of the lean kind beheld in Pharoah's dream ; whilst their better halves stared vacantly at the officiating clergyman, or complacently surveyed the mittens, elaborately ornamented with coloured beads, which decorated their own fat wrists.

In those days, the masses were uncared for ; cheap literature was unknown ; ugly black *silhouettes* occupied the place now held by the productions of Mayall and other photographic celebrities ; the wonders of the electric telegraph had not yet been even predicted ; railways existed only in the shape of horse tramways in collieries and salt-mines ; a voyage to Erith or Gravesend, was considered an adventurous proceeding ; National Education was sneered and laughed at as an idle dream ; the Press was gagged, taxed, and persecuted ; to be drunk was a virtue ; to be sober was a crime ; the law was written with an iron pen in characters of blood ; and the hungry gallows was daily fed with fresh batches of sinful, ignorant, and famished wretches.

Now, all these things are changed. True, we have much that is evil yet remaining amongst us ; but, thank God, an irresistible influence has been silently but surely at work, and has impressed an indelible stamp on the features of the age. Each class of society has, in a lesser or greater degree, felt the ameliorating power of that mysterious and subtle agency, which men have denominated—PROGRESS ; and which has proved so instrumental in effecting a radical change in most of the thoughts, habits, manners, customs, amusements, and labours of modern life. The labouring man, who formerly took a savage delight in setting a couple of dogs to bite and tear each other to pieces, is now more frequently found engaged in smoking his pipe or perusing his penny newspaper in the chimney corner ; or, better still, listening to his little Charley who slowly recites his school lessons. The shopkeeper's assistant is

no longer so generally to be found at "Tom and Jerry" shops, at the expense of his employer's till, or squandering his spare money among the meretricious attractions of the metropolis ; but helps to form the numerous evening classes, mutual improvement associations, and early closing societies, of which we hear so much. The agriculturist has abandoned the old clumsy modes of tillage, and now cultivates his broad acres with the ever ready assistance of steam and science ; while the clergyman finds that his flock will no longer be imposed upon by mere dogmatical, unreasoning theological discourses, the *rechauffé* of the vapid productions of ancient, prosy, and obtuse divines, but is compelled to breathe sentiments more in accordance with the beautiful and simple religion which he professes to preach.

And as with these, so with all others. No doubt, we have terrible ills yet to remove from the midst of us. We have ignorance, intemperance, vice, and shame parading themselves in our broadest thoroughfares ; we have beggary and want infesting our courts and lanes ; whilst crime, hate, and misery, skulk in the gloomy shade of our poverty-haunted districts. But the ball is moving. We are at last beginning to understand the *why* and the *wherefore* of these things, and to gaze with hopeful hearts at the world around us. Social science, temperance, co-operative, provident, and other associations are multiplying in all directions ; and our noblest and most gifted minds are busied in devising new and effectual schemes whereby the condition of the *many* may be still further improved. Reformatories are taking the place of prisons ; and ragged schools are striving to supplant the thieves' kitchen, the gutter, and the gallows crowd, in the minds and estimation of the miserable offspring of our outcast poor.

Surely these are signs of promise ?

And if so—aye, if amongst all the mass of wretchedness and corruption which still encircles us, we can descry so many beneficial changes—are we to suppose that the higher classes have not been affected by the social revolution which has animated all else ? The types of the *past* are no longer applicable to the *present*. The Squire's son is no longer the ill-bred, awkward lout ; or his daughter an ungainly, mincing, ignorant, showily dressed doll : on the contrary, they are frequently qualified, by education and taste, to enter upon stations superior to those they fill.

If the assertion be doubted, let the sceptic procure admission, *if he can*, to a county ball. He will find that in general such assemblages are something more than a mere collection of foppish inanities. Of course, he may discover a few gaudily attired, loud talking, and pretentious vulgarities ; and small knots of peg-breeched, mutton-chop whiskered, and scented coxcombs, languidly discussing the state of the "weathau," or "that creataw in the gween dwess by the daw." Perhaps, too, he may be compelled to flee from some lack-a-daisical damsel of five-and-thirty, who attempts, with the aid of crinoline and white roses, to look at least ten years younger.



But these are exceptions, for the majority of the company possess far more intelligent manners and intellectual powers than they obtain credit for at the hands of thoughtless writers or inconsiderate artists. The hordes of brainless exquisites, conceited genteelities, and pretentious shop-keepedom have vanished, and are chiefly to be found at *soirées* and *conversazioni* in the neighbourhood of third-rate squares in the Metropolis; or among the gatherings of thin, withered features, insipid looks, and expressionless brows which are to be met with at *Longchamps* or the *Champs D'Elysées*. The atmosphere of a county ball does not suit them, however much it may agree with the rosy-cheeked, sparkling-eyed, and gentle-hearted Saxon loveliness which congregates from all the ancient homesteads and halls for miles around, to listen to the enlivening strains of the musicians, to dance quadrilles with the flower and pride of the county manhood, and to render pleasant the associations connected with the annual county ball.

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## CHRISTMAS IN BOHEMIA.\*

BY LASCELLES WRAXALL.

THE most significant festival of the Church, and the merriest with children, has its special customs in all parts of the world. The Germanic nations celebrate it with the greatest fervour; but, among the Romanic, it is cast into the shade by the New-year's festival. Among the Selavons who have come into contact with the Germans, the festival is also kept up: and this is specially the case with the Czechs, a poetically gifted race. It is only necessary to read the work we have under notice, to see how many manners and customs connected with special days may still be found among the Czechs. From its pages we will proceed to cull a few specimens of the more curious customs connected with Christmas-day in Bohemia.

Christmas-eve is called by the Czechs the "liberal coming," and most of the customs have been retained by them which once characterized the festival of the winter solstice; for December 24th was regarded as the day on which this took place, and, up to the sixteenth century, the Czechs began their year with it. In Eastern Bohemia a watch is kept as to who first enters the courtyard, for, according to the sex and number of the visitors the future propagation of the cattle is estimated. The poultry are fed by the mistress's own hand on this day, with beans, barley, oats, and wheat—in a word, a mixture of all sorts of corn—so that they may lay plenty of good eggs. The farm-yard cock has also garlic given to it to eat, which is also the main staple of the early soup which the servants receive to make them work the harder; for the great object is to get everything ready in the house for the holidays. The maids scour all the rooms; while the lads cut fodder and chaff in the stables, in order not to have anything to do during the festival. The farmer keeps attentive watch that the sacredness of the holiday should not be desecrated by work to do; while his wife makes her arrangements in the kitchen for baking the traditional cake. All this while the children build up a manger in the corner of the keeping room, but are at times interrupted by the singing of boys who, disguised as shepherds, carry a small manger round. While the shepherds sing their carols, a boy dressed as the Demon growls and rattles a chain to the great delight of the audience who dismiss the "Christ-child" with presents of money. When evening arrives, the table is covered with the large cloth only used on holidays, the thread of which was spun in the house; and apples and nuts are

\* Fests Kalendar aus Böhmen, von Freiherrn von Rheinsberg-Duringfeld. Prague, Köber.

served up together with dishes of Muzika, or a medley of dried apples, pears, and plums. After a while all the members of the family assemble in their Sunday clothes. The hostess, after asking a blessing, cuts the cake and bread, lays the first slice of both carefully aside, and then returns once more to the kitchen to see that all is right; for, when she has once seated herself, she dare not rise again, or the fowls would not sit quietly on their eggs. The master then repeats a prayer, in which he thanks God for the last year having passed so well, and begs that all may remain healthy and happy during the coming one. "Christ be praised!" the company all answer in chorus, and sit down, the family at the top, the servants at the bottom, to the steaming dishes.

The thick fish-soup is followed by baked black fish; after which comes the "kerul kuba," a compound of groats, mushrooms, and liver; all washed down with beer. The bones and crumbles are carefully collected, and after supper the men play at cards for nuts, till the bell begins tolling for mass. The housewife then goes with the first slices of bread and cake and the first apples and nuts into the cow-house, and places a piece of food in the mouth of each occupant, in order to protect them from accident. The remainder she throws into the well so that it may never dry up. The lads run with the fish-bones and crumbles into a field and bury them there, so that the field may remain fruitful; at the same time the maids hurry to the hen-house, shake the door, and listen anxiously whether the cock, or one of the hens, is the first to awake. If it be the cock, the husband will come during that year; if it be a hen, there is no chance of marriage. In order to know from which side the suitor will come, the maids unfasten the yard-dog and lead him to the gate, carefully watching on which side he barks. When a suitor is announced in this wise, the maids run to the nearest ice and lay their ear on it, when they either hear hammering as in a forge, or filing as the locksmith does, or else there is a sound as if a musician were under the ice. Other girls, in order to read the future, pour the white of an egg into a glass of pure water, leave it standing for the night, and next morning examine the figures that have formed. Others again stick into the shells of the first walnuts which they opened in the evening coloured wax tapers, light them altogether, and set them floating in a tub, after giving each mentally the name of a suitor: the one whose skiff first approaches the girl, will be her future companion in life. If one she does not like approaches, she blows it back, until the one she desires finds time to reach her. But woe to the girl who puffs her taper out, for that betokens the death of the person whose name the skiff bears. With the first stroke of the church-bell the lanthorns are lit, and all hasten to the midnight mass. This is celebrated with great solemnity everywhere, and even in the Cajetan church of Prague, the old custom is maintained, that the watchman comes into the church to proclaim the twelfth hour with his cowhorn. So soon as he has finished, the shepherds standing round the manger strike up a hymn in honour of Christ's birth, which are accompanied not only by the bag-pipes, but by

all conceivable bird notes, such as the nightingale, cuckoo, pigeon, turtle-dove, and quail. At Reichenbach, it was formerly the custom for a manger to be placed in the church from Christmas to Candlemas, and shepherds, angels, and kings, were grouped in front of the statue of the Virgin. But as other figures were added, and especially a doll, representing a rope-dancer, which entirely disturbed the service, the cradles were removed from the churches, and are now only to be seen in private houses. At Budweis, these cradles often occupy all four sides of the room, and contain hundreds of figures. You see fountains, mills, forges etc., and lastly a hermit steps out of his cell, and holds out a boy for a present.

In the Böhmer-Wald the children are told that at twilight of Christmas-eve Christ passes through the air seated in a small golden carriage drawn by two white ponies. Children born on Sunday, or those who are good, are so lucky as to see the apparition, and to hear what the horses say to each other in the air. The carriage is full of apples, pears, nuts, figs, almonds, raisins, pastry, etc., with which good children are rewarded, but also contains rods, peas, and black bread for disobedient children. The children are generally collected in one room, and, dressed in their best clothes, are bidden to repeat any prayers they know. On the approach of the Christ-child all wicked things fly out of the house, no matter where they are concealed; and on listening carefully, the furniture is heard to creak, and a buzzing is heard outside, until a bell rings to indicate that the Christ-child is coming out of the carriage, and allowing the horses to rest a little, while he intimates to the children what presents he intends to bring them in the night. So soon as the bell is heard, the children pray as loudly as they can, and look to the door, which opens so wide that a gilded hand can pass through and throw into the room the presents intended for the juveniles.

At supper an even number of guests must be assembled or one of the family will soon die. While black fish are being eaten, a deep silence is maintained; and after the meal the father shows his children a golden piggy. At Pilsen, strange to say, an uneven number of guests must sit to table, and in order to effect this a beggar will be called out of the street. In the circle of Tabor, the farmer's wife thrusts a piece of bread, fish, and a dose of garlic down the throats of the gander, drake, and cock. After this a small sprig of thorn is attached to a collar round the necks of each of them, and they are then carried in turn all round the farm buildings, so that they may not leave the yard and protect their broods. As a finale they are thrown out of the window, under the supposition that through this they will combine to keep vagabonds and beggars away, the gander by flying on their backs and biting them, the drake by raising a loud cackle of alarm, and the cock by pecking out their eyes. The farmer also performs precisely the same ceremony with the watch-dog. In other parts, the farmer's wife takes at sunset a cart chain, lays it in the centre of the room, and in the ring thus formed throws three handful of seed, into

which she drives a male of each variety of fowl, so that they may keep together about the farm ; lastly, she gives each a dose of garlic, which has the supposed effect of making them watch their young. At Reichenberg the relics of the supper are scattered round the fruit trees. The girls then shake the tree violently and repeat thrice

“ Shake, shake, shake.

That the dog may wake.”

On whichever side a dog is then heard to bark, from that the future bridegroom will come. The tree is also often shaken without giving it food, and asked

“ Tell me, tree,

This day year, where shall I be !”

The neighbourhood whence the first voice is heard, is that where the next Christmas-eve supper will be eaten. On the Saxon border the trees are shaken while the bell is ringing for midnight mass. A bone is hung on those which bore badly during the past year, and they of course repent of their improper conduct. The custom of carrying the fish bones nut-shells, etc., left after supper to distant fields also prevails in the Eger land. It is called a meal for the *kempa*, a word which Grimm renders chieftain, but here indicates a wish to do a kindness to the wild beasts. In the same way fish bones are buried under fruit trees, in order that they may bear copiously. If the fish bones have been neatly wrapped in a white towel, a root called *rim-baba* is supposed to spring up from them, which is employed as a philter to cure illness. When the fish bones have been offered to the tree, notice must be taken of the social station of the man who first passes it, for it will be that of the future husband.

The death warnings are very numerous, and in Warnsdorf “light floating” is employed. Each person sets a walnut shell containing a taper afloat, and the one whose light first dies out will be the first to expire. At Eger that person dies who, in cutting an apple, injures a pip. If the first nut cracked is rotten, you are safe to die, but at Reichenberg three bad nuts in succession are *de rigeur*. Still most of the existing superstitions relate to matrimony, and there is positively no end of them. The girls are in the habit of throwing bread crumbs, half nuts, and apples, together with coins, into a running stream and say, “Stream, I bring thee here thy supper, tell me truly what I am about to ask thee.” They then enquire what the beloved one is doing, and when the bridegroom will come. The way in which the stream answers is unknown, but we know how the wash-tub responds. The girl after supper empties the tub on the grass and asks the usual question. Then she turns the tub over, holds her ear to the bottom, and listens. If she hear a tapping, she will have a blacksmith, and so on. The girls also peep under the ice, to see what the coming year will bring them, or look down a well, holding candles in their hands. The sons and daughters of the house also go into the woodshed, and take as many logs as they can hold in their arms. These are counted in the sitting-room, and an even number is in favour of, an odd

number adverse to, matrimony. In Warnsdorf, straw garland throwing is customary. The girl stations herself with a straw wreath in her hand, with her back against a tree, and throws the wreath into the air behind her back. If it is caught in the tree at the first throw, she will be married early in the year; if at the second, it signifies midsummer; if at the third, the end of the year. If all these throws prove a failure, she will not be married at all. At Reichenberg, the maids throw a slipper over their heads, standing with their back to the door: if it fall with the toe toward the room, a husband will come early in the year. According to others, the position of the toe indicates from what quarter the bridegroom will come. In Warnsdorf, the farm lads employ the same conjuration: if the toe of the slipper fall inwards, they will remain in the house; if toward the door, they will be discharged. At Eger the daughter of the house, when buying the meat for the holidays, manages to steal a small piece, which she secretly places on her father's and mother's chairs. When they seat themselves on it, the first name they utter will be that of the future husband. In order to find him out, an apple is also taken from the Christmas-tree, conveyed to mass, and eaten early next morning, in the door-way: the name of the first individual who passes is that of the husband. If a whole red herring be eaten for supper, without speaking a word or drinking anything after it, the future husband will offer the thirsty girl a glass in her dreams. If a girl entirely undress herself, and sweep her bedroom during the midnight mass, the shadow of her future husband will appear to help her.

In the Bohemian Riesen-Gebirge, for weeks before Christmas, the children talk about the Golden Piggy, which runs along the walls on Christmas-eve, but is only visible to good and obedient children. So soon as it is quite dark, the door is opened and grandfather walks in with a poker in his hand, and followed by father and mother. He goes to the table, on which a white cloth is already spread and a plate for each child laid. Then there is a rap at the door, and a disguised woman with a basket on her back walks in; she repeats a few verses relating to the arrival of the shepherds in the Bethlehem stable, and places the basket on a bench, the mother taking out of it the supper. When the fish soup has been placed on the table, before the prayer, grandfather says a few earnest words about the birth of our Saviour. In addition to the fish, there are milk, omelets, and baked fungi; the Christmas cake, with apples and nuts, forms the last course, and then the children are shown the golden pigs on the wall. They see, or fancy they see them, and try to catch them, till the pigs disappear, to return again next year.

The fantastic golden pig, whose descent from the mythical boar of the north could easily be proved, is not the only spectral being of the night. The air is filled with the souls of the dead, flying about with Melusine. The phantom, the German Alwina, or white lady, who indicates death and dashes past in the form of a whirlwind, is appeased by throwing flour and salt to it through the window. The Budweis folk talk about



an old woman, who at Christmas goes from house to house with a bundle of stinging nettles, and asks the mistress if the maids have spun all the flax. If she receives an answer in the affirmative, she leaves a nettle behind, and the house is guarded from any misfortune for that year. If the mistress says no, the maids are smartly flogged with nettles by the old dame. In Northern Bohemia it is believed that on Christmas-eve the water is converted into wine. A girl who went to the well, and after tasting the water exclaimed, "now is the water wine," heard a voice from the water reply "and thy head is mine." The girl was never seen again. At Neuhaus a gun is fired down the wells, so that the earth may be shaken and the water never dry up. Water drawn on this night is also supposed to possess magic power.

The animals in the stalls speak at midnight, as, indeed, they are believed to do nearly everywhere on the Continent, and it is considered dangerous to listen to them. Attempts are also made on this night to catch a perfectly black cat which is regarded as an evil spirit. It is put in a bag, suffocated so that no bone may be broken, and then boiled until all the flesh falls from the bones: the jaw-bones are then removed. These are carried about, for it is believed that they render the wearer invisible, and that all the treasures hidden in the vaults of deserted castles or in rock caves, and which the demon guards in the shape of a black cat, dog, or goat, can be lifted by the aid of these bones. In addition to witches, the spirits of kings and heroes, destroyed cities and utterly ruined castles are visible on this eve. At Podorau are the remains of Porau Castle. In the time of King Wenceslaus, a robber knight is said to have dwelt here, and for his evil deeds, was condemned to haunt a neighbouring forest, until the ruins of the castle had disappeared. "Sunday children" declare that on every Christmas-eve the trunk of an apple tree opens, and an aged man steps out, who surveys the landscape with frowning brows. When he sees the ruins he exclaims: "They have not yet disappeared."

At Eger it is the custom for the choristers to carry an Infant Christ, in a basket decorated with pearls and gold lace, to the principal houses, where they sing a hymn, and receive trifling gifts of money in return. In the Erzgebirge, St. Peter and Rupert make their appearance. The latter, after being summoned by St. Peter, coming in with a black disguise, and rod, and stick. In Bohemian Leipa, children perform what is called the Christ play, in which the divine child, St. Peter, an angel, and the devil appear. In some Czechish mountain towns, a boy and girl, disguised as shepherds, call at the houses, repeat a prayer, and collect alms in a savings' box.

We will add a few remarks about the three festivals following Christmas-day, December 27th, 28th, and 30th. On St. John's day, it is customary, as in other Catholic countries, to have wine blessed in church, which is supposed to be a famous specific for men and cattle, and a useful *deoch an doruis* when starting on a journey. On the



day of the Massacre of the Innocents, the children at Eger go about with rods, and beat all grown persons they meet, for which a present must be handed them. Among the Czechs, however, the custom prevails of asking the children in bed : "How many innocent children were there ?" Whoever does not know is flogged and told there were exactly four thousand, four hundred, and forty-four. Lastly, on St. David's day wood must be felled, which will remain sound the whole year through. The Czechs believe that King David did not go to Heaven but to the moon. Any one who looks up to that luminary, and unfortunately selects the moment when the Royal Harper breaks a string, will at once lose his eyesight.

Such are a few of the quaint customs prevalent in Bohemia at the merry Christmas-tide : they may appear to us absurd, but they contain a deep amount of poetic feeling, and it may be possibly cause of regret that the practical spirit of the nineteenth century has so entirely rooted them out among ourselves. And yet, Mr. Dasent has taught us that there are parts of Great Britain in which such customs still prevail, and we only hope that some Northern reader of these pages may be induced to offer us a few remarks on what is certainly a most interesting subject.

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## SAVIOUR, I COME TO THEE!

BY MRS. SCHENCK.

SAVIOUR, I come to Thee !  
 Ever let my prayer be,  
     Saviour, I come !  
 Over the thorny road,  
 Thy blessed feet have trod,  
     Journeying home.

Weary, beset with snares,  
 Laden with grief and cares,  
     Help, Saviour-God !  
 Thy gracious word I view,  
 Pleading Thy promise true  
     I lay down my load !

Grant me Thy present aid,  
 Pillow my aching head  
     On Thy loving breast !  
 Wipe away all my tears,  
 Banish my anxious fears,  
     Soothe me to rest !

Thou knowest all my grief,  
 Give me the sweet relief,  
     Thou givest to Thine !  
 Make songs in my darkest night,  
 And chase the shadows with Thy light  
     And wondrous love divine !

Say to my troubled soul,  
 Back let the waters roll,  
     Bid the storm cease !  
 Faith, Hope and Joy impart,  
 Stay on Thee, and fill my heart,  
     With Thy perfect peace !

Saviour I come to Thee !  
 Ever let my prayer be,  
     But not, oh not alone !  
 Thou gavest us a little band,  
 We pray that *they* with *us* may stand,  
     Redeemed, before Thy Throne !

## THE POLITE FAMILY.

BY A BASHFUL CONTRIBUTOR.

THE present sketch is a counterpart of many families to be met with in various circles of society except the highest. The Wiggles were people generally squeamishly polite, and ever ready to talk about the vulgarity of their neighbours. Amy Wiggles was a party over twenty years old, with an overweening taste for the refined; an individual shocked at the contemplation of domestic duties, by reason of their being deemed in her estimation degrading. She was fond of moonlight and walks by the river, and affected a partiality for the sublime in scenery and writing. Her sister Arabella differed but little in her tastes, but her particular *penchant* was for sunbeams and jewellery; and novels in which reality is caricatured, and the personages are as far from transcripts of real life as are the wax figures in Madame Tussaud's. A father having a brace of romantic daughters eschewing labour as derogatory, is placed in a fix as unenviable as can well be imagined. To have a son, perchance graced with the high sounding and antiquated name of Alexander, is an addition to his responsibilities that ought to earn for him commiseration, especially if the said Alexander should fancy he is too heavily laden with mental gifts to pursue some mercantile avocation. And Mr. G. Wiggles, or G. Wiggles, Esq., as he preferred to be styled, had a son Alexander full of ardent desires for literary distinction, and an extensive belief in his capability to write a powerful drama, and concoct a tragedy that should equal if not surpass Macbeth. The whole of the Wiggles were polite, not even excepting Mrs. Wiggles. Now Mr. Wiggles was a rather well-to-do green-grocer in a rather unaristocratic locality—peopled, in fact, by working men and their families. Mr. Wiggles, although thinking himself adapted to a higher calling than vending vegetables, had enough good sense to know that upon his attention to business depended his means for enabling the young Wiggles to gratify their inclinations for an extravagance of costume; and also for procuring the common necessities of life. For, unfortunately for the disposition of very polite people who disregard and hold labour in abhorrence, they require the necessities that common people procure by thriftiness. It is to be regretted that chemistry has not discovered a delicate diet suited to the cosy constitutions of the proud and polite, consisting of elements akin to ambrosia. A lady in love with moonlight and a brother fired with a desire for dramatic authorship, and ignoring the respectability of labour when their parents' means are scanty, are to be regarded as creatures requiring the same sort of nutrition as that given freely to calves. A love of the beautiful in nature

or art is most commendable ; but the Wiggles had united with their pretended adoration for natural charms a disrelish for work, and a habit of looking upon their neighbours as unworthy of their companionship. Polite green-grocers, we may safely say, are not numerous ; but the Wiggles had politeness in excess, and regretted their station in life was so *outré*. Amid the survey of moonlight Amy Wiggles was not insensible to the powers and devices of Cupid, for she had seen Mr. Charles Lobbs, draper's assistant, and the youngest son of eleven. So that the progeny of the elder, or parent, Lobbs was not an inconsiderable theme. Charles Lobbs had a relish for fine clothes, was an authority on peg-tops, and far from a tyro in the colours of Eureka ties. He had a taste for the stage, and could not be convinced of his error in asserting, on all occasions, that he could play the part of Hamlet with force. A young man five feet two inches high, and as uncourpulent as a stale haddock, would not, it is submitted, have the greatest awing effect on an audience ; and for the part to be announced as intended to be undertaken by Charles Lobbs, junior, would have a power over the risible muscles that would be decidedly uncontrollable. Amy Wiggles and Charles Lobbs talked about defunct dramatists and historians, painters and philosophers, in their moonlight rambles ; yet although Lobbs never expressed all he conned over in his mind in such peregrinations, he could not help thinking now and then of a certain esculent as connected with the perishable but lucrative calling of the parent Wiggles. Alexander Wiggles on more than one occasion destroyed a mirror in his bed-room, by going through sundry classical postures, to the discomfiture of his unclassical father, who felt the vibrations of the floor on which Mr. Alexander was so industriously gyrating. Charles Lobbs one evening, when in the presence of the loved Amy Wiggles, created a certain amount of unexpected consternation by declaiming a passage from a well known tragedy : Mr. A. Wiggles fancied Amy's life and happiness were jeopardised, and heedless of consequences rushed into the sitting-room, and as Lobbs abstracted by fervour stood before Amy in a menacing attitude, Alexander, full of impulse, struck the diminutive actor to the floor, as he thought to ward off the danger impending for his sister.

This unforeseen *contretemps* was luckily soon forgiven, after an explanation ; so that a lasting breach between the incipient author and actor was judiciously prevented. This was as it should be, and these unknown sons of genius set an example that men before the public might, without a compromise of dignity, imitate. Alexander Wiggles and Mr. Charles Lobbs felt a mutual sympathy for each other, and believed that the world would one day grow hilarious in praise of their stupendous abilities. Wiggles had determined to produce a tragedy, the principal part to be essayed by Lobbs, who was to commit the murders—in fine, to be the noisy monster of the piece. Lobbs was conscious of his physical stature being too small for tragedy ; but his consciousness of possessing great energy and a strong voice, made him assign secondary importance to his corporeal bulk. When in the polite society of Amy Wiggles, Lobbs

could not stifle a propensity he had for quoting from the Stratford-upon-Avon author ; and when Amy was sometimes descanting on moonlight and walks by the river, Lobbs would chime in with a quotation, and accompany his delivery with a movement of the arms, and a glance of the eye, not unlike those noticeable in a young child who has been caught by its parent making extracts from the sugar basin. Alexander Wiggles, preparatory to commencing his career as a writer of tragedy, thought the best method of schooling his abilities for his eagle-like flight would be to indulge in the composition of lyrics, for which he felt quite qualified. Accordingly his first composition consisted of, "Lines on the Blighted Wheat:" this subject was one on which young Wiggles expended all the force of his power, exerted his ready fancy, and summoned to his aid the choicest diction : and it was sent to the local "Penny Whistle," a paper devoted, as its editor said—a gentleman supposed to be a superannuated cordwainer—to the interests of labour, the champion of the oppressed, the denouncer of tyrants crowned and uncrowned, and the advocate of freedom all over the habitable globe. The editor of the "Penny Whistle" gave insertion to the lines by Wiggles, a circumstance which compelled that lyrical prodigy to conceive in a semi-comic vein, "Lines on a Cholerie Cobbler." As a rule, the "champions of the oppressed" in the press admit as much rubbish as possible, and exclude, as much as they can, matters of usefulness. Wiggles again suited the exalted taste of the gifted "Penny Whistle" editor ; and having created anxious conjectures, as he supposed, of his identity—having signed his lines "Muggins"—Wiggles thought he had exercised his powers on trifles long enough, and began to prepare for the production of his tremendous tragedy. The title of this tragedy was to be "The Swaggering Smuggler, or the Bandit's Bantam." A thrilling theme truly. Pens, ink, and paper were purchased from the profits of the green-grocery trade, and Wiggles, on the 1st of April—eventful day—penned the first three lines of the tragedy. He was suddenly seized with illness, which he attributed to intense study, and by the recommendation of Mr. Flabbs, surgeon, he was advised to abstain for a time from his arduous labours, which would, said Mr. Flabbs, quite unconsciously, injure his small share of intellect. This was uttered with unaffected earnestness ; but it earned the hatred of Mrs. Wiggles, who declared the statement was vulgarly malicious ; and Mr. Wiggles, senior, joined in that noble opinion. Illness seized upon Alexander Wiggles to such an extent that he was obliged to be confined to bed, and not even dare to compose lyrics.

We may here pause awhile to name more prominently Arabella Wiggles sister to the moonlight-loving Amy Wiggles. She was a young lady, who had in her mind a love for the polite, and she combined with her love of sunrise and jewellery, before named, a great partiality for working cats on canvas, and making marmalade. There was no great harm in loving to honour nature by copying a part of its works, nor in persisting in making marmalade ; but her besetting sin was to introduce the subject of

cats, their habits and dispositions, conjoined to the deliciousness of marmalade, when conversing with the stage-struck Lobbs, and his worshipped Amy.

"It will not do," Amy would almost shout, "for you to talk of such matters as you do, when Charles and I are conversing on topics of mental interest."

"My dear Arabella," Lobbs would exclaim, "it is vulgar, and shows that you have not the politeness becoming the sphere of life in which you move with such grace and alacrity."

Many remonstrances were addressed to Arabella at various times, on the impropriety of her conversation, but they were unavailing—cats and marmalade were her themes.

Mrs. Wiggles did not dress so expensively as Amy wished, and she had a habit of pronouncing her words in a way that warred with the notions of the generality of the Wiggles, and with the rules laid down by Walker. The room in which Charles Lobbs and Amy Wiggles were assembled every evening during their career of courtship was not wealthy in furniture, and for people depending upon politeness and a love of the beautiful for a reputation, it was not stored plentifully with books. On an old-fashioned book-shelf might be seen a dirty-looking volume, in which the exploits of Jack Sheppard were recorded; this book was ranged by the side of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." "Robinson Crusoe" might be seen in close proximity with a treatise on the "Rise and Fall of Potatoes." One or two mutilated editions of Wesley's hymns, a cheap and abridged Johnson's Dictionary, and the "Young Man's Companion," comprised about the whole of the library belonging to the polite Wiggles. The valetudinarian author, Alexander Wiggles, had purchased a few song-books at sixpence each, to aid him in his ambitious flight in authorship, but they were not added to the book-shelf. A common round table stood in the centre of the room, and was covered on the top by a piece of oil-cloth; the feet of this table had the old-fashioned claws and were worm-eaten. The sofa had a coarse checked drapery, and the way in which this sofa creaked when sat upon, told plainly that it belonged rather to the province of the antiquary to determine the age in which it was manufactured. The window, there was only one, of this sitting-room was small, and the glass was of that emerald hue, so noticeable in old country cottages where diamond-shaped panes prevail. The light admitted through this window, when falling upon the features of any one, produced a rather queer effect, and inclined Lobbs to believe that he was made to resemble slightly a mackerel in his complexion, a belief that was borne out forcibly by his admired-one's features having such a look. The table, sofa, and book-shelf of the room were accompanied by six chairs of stained wood—perhaps oak—and on the floor was a carpet with an old unmeaning pattern, though after a minute inspection it might be supposed that the design was floral. The chimney-piece had several pot ornaments upon it, and a representation of George and the Dragon in



metal, black-leaded. The fender in front of the fire-place was of the old type, standing about one foot high ; and the fire-grate was like a deformed gridiron. The walls were covered with a barbarous-looking paper, where large tulips and apricots were intermingled in fearful confusion. The ceiling was low and dingy, and whenever the sun shone, it was admitted in but feeble floods in that room consecrated to the shelter of Lobbs and his tender idol. It could not be said, therefore, that surrounding circumstances favoured the encouragement and preservation of happy conceptions.

The whole of the Wiggles despised their neighbours as vulgar persons ; they would not associate with them, and deplored the necessity that ordained them to reside in a neighbourhood where the rising generation flourished in abundance, and indulged in various pastimes, mingling such pastimes not unfrequently with discordant shouts. Alexander Wiggles, in his prostrate state, lamented that he was the son of a green-grocer ; this lament was felt acutely by Amy Wiggles and Arabella ditto. Mrs. Wiggles did not care so much about it, only having heard her family express sorrow, she joined in the general remorse. Mr. Wiggles, senior, was industrious but ignorant. The extravagance of his family always kept him in difficulties, and he could not subdue his vanity sufficient to limit his expenditure to within what he made by his trade. He was censured for his carelessness in talking to his customers, for often being faulty in his grammar, although none of the Wiggles understood that subject. They thought, innocently enough, that a mincing pronunciation embodied grammar and every other branch of education. Alexander Wiggles was shocked, and so was Amy ditto, on observing one morning a letter written by Mr. Wiggles, or their father, addressed to a creditor and containing an order, but spelt somewhat imperfectly. It was brief, yet brevity is not always the soul of wit when practised by an unscholastic green-grocer. As our readers would, in all probability, be amused in meeting with the epistle, we will here transcribe it. It was addressed to Mr. Poddles, a general cultivator of vegetables, and ran as follows :

“Mr. Poddles : i want sum moore kabbages peese colliflours and any think helse you hev got that is in mi Line peese is goin of in a stunin stile. i ham sur yores verry respecckfully Mr. Wiggles.”

Such a lucubration, from the author of a polite family, may be considered as among the curiosities of literature. To maintain untarnished the reputation of the family, through fear of the above missive meeting other eyes than those of Poddles, Alexander Wiggles determined upon suppressing it ; and also vowed that he should submit his sire to a regular course of instruction in orthography. What added to the inelegance of the epistle was that it was written on a leaf torn from a penny memorandum book. Mr. Wiggles, senior, was reprimanded for his want of epistolary correctness in the presence of the whole of the Wiggles family.

As time wore on, Alexander Wiggles recovered from his illness, and his first impulse was to proceed in the composition of his tragedy, for which he had read up so arduously. Months passed on, but the tragedy

did not increase in size, for whenever the anxious author sat down to his self-allotted task, he was the victim of an aggravated attack of vertigo ; and to console himself and his sisters, also Lobbs, for the non-completion of the piece, he gravely attributed his failure to a lack of words ; for his ideas, he averred, were always enormously numerous. This condition is a reverse one to that in which some authors find themselves placed, words being abundant and ideas scarce. Alexander began to regret that his prospects for dramatic renown were growing hazy and unpromising ; and Lobbs repined that he should be debarred of the happy privilege of taking the part, before an immense audience at some metropolitan theatre, of the "Swaggering Smuggler." Inwardly Lobbs fancied that Alexander Wiggles dreaded his sharing most applause as an actor ; yet a declaration so derogatory to the pride of Alexander Wiggles would have cost Lobbs the forfeiture of Amy Wiggles. Alexander thought he would again find refuge in lyrical writing, but where was he to find insertion for his effusions ? The editor of the "Penny Whistle" had decamped, and the said "Penny Whistle" had collapsed, leaving the oppressed in the neighbourhood of M— without an advocate. That said organ, once the outspoken and fearless champion of all sorts of rights, local, moral, and political, was no more ; that organ where "Justitia" had used his scorching invective against the Chairman of the Highways and Sewerage Committee of the Council, for permitting an extravagant expenditure of the money of the rate-payers ; where likewise a solicitor's clerk, under the pleasing signature of "Timothy Green," had lampooned the churchwardens for not affixing a certain notice to the church door ; and where further the doings of sundry tea meetings had been chronicled under the head of "Teetotal Progress ;" and where the line "Great public meeting" had been seen describing the acts of perhaps a dozen persons who had congregated for the purpose of discussing the propriety of raising a statue to Mr. James Jumble, deceased egg-merchant, who had used his ability in promoting an extension of the gas-works, and establishing a central *depôt* for vending wholesome sweetmeats. The Wobbles had no longer a medium for informing the local public of their departure for the sea-coast ; and Smith was minus the opportunity of announcing an increase to his family, under the head of "Births." The proceedings of gooseberry shows were condemned to secrecy, the local cricketers could not publish their transactions, and a "Draper's Assistant" could no longer use his pungent pen against heartless employers who objected to the early closing of shops. These and many other local topics were doomed no more to enlighten the people of M—, for with sadness be it written, the "Penny Whistle" had expired in its violent struggle for freedom for the masses. "The National Picotee and Tulip Society of England," consisting of thirteen members, two of whom were cripples and unable to attend the fortnightly meetings, deplored that they were deprived of having a record of their proceedings ushered forth to the world since the "Whistle" had ceased to live. Shortly

before the "Whistle" subsided to the intense grief of a few fine local writers, including a number of indolent clerks from the offices of nondescript solicitors, the editor of the "Whistle," who was also its envied proprietor, suggested to several of his subscribers that the title the paper should for the future bear might be metamorphosed to "The Trumpet of Freedom;" under which new and euphonious designation it was expected to make tyrants all over Europe tremble, and the "bloated aristocracy" uneasy. Mr. A. Wiggles had generously promised to write a series of lyrics therein, strongly spiced with inflammable sentiments, under the alarming heading of "Screams of Liberty." The suggestion from the owner of the attenuated "Whistle" evoked no sympathy, hence the said "Whistle's" speedy and irrevocable dissolution.

We must now devote a few remarks to Charles Lobbs and the polite Amy Wiggles. Lobbs was the victim of a raging passion, as we have before said, for the stage, and ultimately became a member of an amateur dramatic club in the flourishing town of M—. The secretary of the club was a rather corpulent member of the legal profession, and endowed with an amount of literary conceit provocative of laughter and derision. Dean Swift has somewhere said that weak eyes are caused by being deposited in a weak place; whether this was the state of the Secretary of the Amateur Dramatic Club just alluded to, we have not the hardihood to state; but the said Secretary wore spectacles, was rather inclined to aldermanic obesity, and insisted with real simplicity that he was just like Mr. S. Weller. We should not omit to state that the spectacles, as if becoming the character of the Secretary, were green. Charles Lobbs, Esq., as he liked to be styled, entered heartily into the promotion of the dramatic club's welfare, and accordingly it was announced on a certain night that a performance would be given to benefit the distressed lamp-lighters of the town of M—. The piece chosen was *Macbeth*, and Mr. Lobbs having in the lovely presence of Amy Wiggles studied the part carefully, was entrusted with its interpretation. Placards were posted on the walls of the town, making known the fact that the Amateur Dramatic Society would give a performance at the theatre for the purpose just alluded to. The eventful night arrived; a rather large company attended the theatre, and Lobbs was eager to make an impression. It should be stated that Lobbs had become an inveterate smoker; the habit interfered somewhat with his nervous system, and not unfrequently deranged his thinking powers. He was gently advised by Amy Wiggles to desist from the practice, but unavailingly. Often after sucking at a pipe for a quarter of an hour, he became very pallid, and to make his face assume a florid hue had to give it a brisk rubbing with his knuckles. Gradually smoking unnerved him, and on the night of the performance at the theatre he had smoked to excess until he was as tremulous as a willow leaf in an eastern gale. At last the moment came for Lobbs to make an appearance on the stage. How he hoped to impress the audience, for his adorable Amy was in the dress circle to watch his triumph and glory

in his success! Being diminutive in stature and dressed for a heavy part it was scarcely likely that he would predispose the audience in his favour when first bounding upon the boards. When he did appear, a regular burst of laughter pervaded the whole house at his ridiculous figure. Some one in the gallery, one of "the gods," advised him to stand on a stool, while another demanded that he should fetch his mother to hold him up. Other ironical observations were addressed to him in an unceremonious style, until he was ready to explode with anger. Not destitute of bravery, he waited until the jocoseness had partially subsided, and then began, "So foul and fair a day I have not seen;" this line was delivered in a tone as though some persons were engaged in strangling him, and tended to make him still more the object of irony. Queries and advice of all kinds were showered upon him, and facing the satirical obloquy until he felt nearly distracted, he hastily retired from the gaze of his tormentors. As he retired, the shouts became deafening, and a clapping of hands commenced. Lobbs was mortified and nearly delirious, while Amy Wiggles was bewildered with remorse. She felt her pride reduced, and her politeness was in imminent danger of destruction. Fortunately, a gentleman was behind the scenes of the theatre who volunteered to take the part Lobbs was compelled to forsake, and so the performance after a brief interruption proceeded.

These local dramatic societies may be good things in their way, and when representations are given by them for the benefit of some charitable institution, they are commendable. But mostly the members are of the *genus* swell, and are young persons who, in the day time, are engaged in solicitors' offices and warehouses. As a rule, they are obtrusive and vain, and are ever desirous of parading themselves before the public—eager for local applause, and the approbation of their lady friends. Fobkins will insist on his great comic ability, while Muffles believes in his own magnificence in tragedy. The comic delineations of the pale-cheeked and refined Fobkins not unfrequently call for solemnity, while the tragic gesticulations of Muffles evoke merriment. Fobkins believes himself the man of the hour, while Muffles entertains a perfectly identical opinion. The rage for appearing on the stage, when developed in such dashing creatures, should be discouraged; for Fobkins will neglect his every-day duties, and Muffles will, when at business, become abstracted. To cure the dramatic fever when raging high, the victims should be placed on low diet and precluded from taking any strong beverage. The malady is a dangerous one, and if uncorrected is apt to generate a foppish demeanour; for how could Fobkins be lowly, if he should fancy that Julia Nuggs had admired his elocution, and felt a thrill of gladness through having surveyed his superb figure? Could the tragic Muffles remain statuesque and unperturbed, if he heard that the handsome sister of Fobkins had become his sleepless adorer? A literary phenomenon is not a rarity in amateur dramatic societies—a gentleman inclining to corpulence—in all probability, constantly saying clever things, full of feeble

jokes, and intimating his resolve to commence a new novel that should compel the literary world to hunt him as a lion. These creatures are not rare in provincial towns, and are often filching suggestions from writers of eminence, as a monkey will steal nuts. They are afflicted with a kind of literary measles, and their weakness is their security against condign castigation from their superiors.

To return to Lobbs: he did not visit the house of the polite Wiggles on the night of his failure. The next evening he ventured to the presence of his Amy, who used her politest sentences to calm his troubles. Vulgarity was said to be the cause of the signal defeat Lobbs encountered. Although his passion for the stage received a powerful check, he was not cured, but on different occasions he would stand before the mirror and look defiantly, and shout vociferously some passage from the Stratford author.

Things progressed without any other remarkable incident, for about two years after the failure of Lobbs at the theatre, until the arrival of the wedding morn. The consent of all the Wiggles was given, and Charles Lobbs was bent upon converting Amy Wiggles into Amy Lobbs, and he doated on the felicity of hearing his chosen one called Mrs. Charles Lobbs. The wedding took place, and the way in which the day was spent after the ceremony was highly amusing. Lobbs, in the presence of the Wiggles and several guests, displayed a familiarity with intoxicating drinks, and delivered speeches rather misty in a grammatical sense, and recited at sundry hours from Shylock, Macbeth, Richard, and other famous pieces. There was joy in the house of Wiggles.

Poor Lobbs soon discovered that Mrs. Lobbs was an incumbrance to him; she was too polite—too polite for domestic duties, and too polite to live upon the income of Mr. Lobbs. Cares and debts incurred by politeness soon began to cool his stage notions, and he lived to regret his alliance with the Wiggles. Two boys were the offspring of the marriage, but the father of Lobbs took them out of compassion for the misfortune of his son. Misery and poverty were the attendants upon poor Lobbs, and he died a few years ago broken in spirit and ruined in hope. Mrs. Lobbs returned to her father's home as polite as ever, but not so enchanting in her features. Alexander Wiggles found the pursuit of literature a task he could not manage, and was compelled, owing to his sire's failure in business, to become an assistant in a cheese-factor's establishment. A poet descanting to customers on the quality of Cumberland and Westphalian hams, is a picture too harrowing to meditate upon without emotions of the acutest kind. Old Mr. Wiggles and Mrs. Wiggles died in poverty, but as Mr. Wiggles had managed to earn a reputation for keeping good vegetables, people visited the shop after his decease. Arabella Wiggles, on account of her pride and politeness, had not seen any one deserving of her esteem, and therefore, with Mrs. Lobbs, carried on the business of vegetable vending on a small scale. Alexander Wiggles, when we last heard of him, was meditating an alliance with the rosy

daughter of a village tailor, having nearly abandoned all hope of succeeding as an author. Thus do human prospects change ; unfledged dramatic authors, and aspirants of all kinds, are levelled in their expectations and wishes, by the mutable laws to which they are amenable. Arabella Wiggles never resigned her partiality for cats and marmalade, but with wonderful persistency clung to the polite, and as much as possible discarded work. In her dilatory life she found an able seconder in Mrs. Lobbs ; so that the reduced business of green-grocery, compressed by the irreparable death of the parent Wiggles, was conducted almost entirely by two very unpolite domestics.

The great evil to be condemned in the present age is the wish to lead an indolent life. This unhealthy manifestation should be curbed by parents in their offspring as soon as it is perceptible : its encouragement is attended invariably with the worst possible results ; for families grow up and find when too late that they have wasted their days ; and for daughters especially, who have been taught to be extremely polite and to shun labour as ungenteeled, to obtain husbands is rather difficult. Should they meet with husbands, the said husbands find to their sorrow how they have been victimized, for the very polite women are too accomplished to discharge the duties of a home efficiently or satisfactorily. The Wiggles might have been useful, but their early proneness for fine clothes and supposed gentility made them grow up little better than effigies so far as being of service in any branch of labour. Let us hope the fate of the Wiggles will act as a caution to other families studying only politeness and pride when unsupported by adequate pecuniary means.

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## THE ART OF FENCING, OR "THE SMALL SWORD."

BY W. E. U . . . . .

WELL do I recollect our youthful exhibitions under the direction of that excellent and popular master, Mr. George Roland, when, in full fencing costume, we made our appearance in presence of the beauty and fashion of Edinburgh. If I mistake not, these exhibitions on our part were generally honoured by considerable numbers of the fair daughters of Scotland, who smiled their approbation on our juvenile display of skill, at this most graceful and classic of bodily exercises.

Fencing, or the "small sword," is, at the present day, chiefly practised as an art in France, Italy, Spain, and Belgium, as well as at Geneva in Switzerland. It is professed to be taught also in England, but more as an admirable callisthenic exercise—and as such, indeed, it is commendable to both sexes—than as a manly accomplishment replete with chivalrous associations. The French say, that fencing is the key—leaving projectiles out of the question—to the use of all arms of self-defence; for this reason, their soldiers, infantry as well as cavalry, are regularly instructed in it. Once a proficient at the foil, the sabre, the bayonet play, and the stick, are rapidly acquired.

There are two schools of fencing, the Neapolitan or Italian, and the French. The former is the original one, which probably took its rise out of a revived system of the principles of attack and defence, practised by the gladiators of ancient Rome, in those cruel days, when it was decreed that many a noble fellow should be "butcher'd to make a Roman holy-day."

Respecting the merits of the two schools, suffice it to say, that the French style of fencing has the greater number of advocates; in fact, that it is considered to be an improvenent upon the other. It is prettier, more rapid as well as more varied, and generally more effective; it is also superior as a gymnastic exercise, for it calls into play more muscles, and exercises them more effectually. The Italian, on the other hand, though stiffer, slower, and demanding less execution, is more dignified and perhaps more dangerous. Many a first-rate French swordsman, unacquainted with the Italian play, has fallen before the Neapolitan, who, with the sword arm perfectly extended, and the hand held high, never answers feints, but ever ready to give, with great promptitude, the "*coup d'arrêt*," draws his active and impetuous antagonist on to the blade, which is always kept pointed at his breast. Italian fencers do not develope the body much in the thrust; that is to say, they seldom or ever lunge out, like the French

to the full extent of the limbs, but spring forward, with the legs bent. They never make use of the "*coupé*," which it is unsafe to use much against them, but thrust, very often, "*en seconde*." This, I think, is their favourite thrust, and they have a peculiar way of administering it while stooping forward, with the head to one side, against an advancing adversary. When it succeeds, it is, to use their own words, "*una colpa terribile*;" but its application is difficult against a quick fencer. They sometimes bring the left arm forward to shield the body. The Italian system is stronger, more deadly in the defence, than the French, but much weaker in the attack. It might perhaps be advantageous to combine, to a certain extent, the principles of both systems, as many fencers in the north of Italy appear to do. I once witnessed a "set to" between a Neapolitan and a Florentine gentleman; the play was very spirited, lasting for nearly an hour, and at the conclusion, there was little to choose between them, or, to use an old Scotch expression, it was "six of the one and half a dozen of the other" with them. The preliminary preparations of our Neapolitan friend were somewhat more elaborate than is usual on such occasions, for after minutely examining the floor, and chalking his shoes—a very necessary precaution—he produced two or three yards of broad tape, which he carefully bound over his hand and wrist, attaching the end of it to the hilt of his sword. It must be understood that the Italian "small sword" differs from the French: it is longer in the blade, the handle is also provided both with a hilt-bar and steel cup; between the two is a semi-circular piece of iron on each side of the blade, into which the first two fingers are inserted, in order to prevent the weapon being struck from the hand. He first saluted his opponent, and then, separately and formally, every individual in the saloon; he displayed more vivacity than the Florentine, and shouted and stamped loudly, for the purpose of distracting his attention, a common enough habit both in France and Italy.

Fencing is still much practised on the Italian continent. The recent glorious deeds of the Piedmontese army, and the wild enthusiastic prowess of Garibaldians have given a healthy stimulus to what remained of the national taste for arms. Neither Rome nor Florence are rich in good fencers; for it has always been the selfish policy of the ex-Grand Duke of Tuscany, as well as of "His Holiness," to discourage the cultivation of the physical powers, as likely to beget a dangerous, because independent spirit. Florence, however, boasts one skilful master in Signor Enrichetti, *ci-devant* opera dancer at Milan; his style of fencing is, nevertheless, not strictly Italian. After Naples, the best professors and the most skilful amateurs are to be found at Bologna, Milan, Brescia, and Turin. At the latter place, the style of play merges very much into the French. The immortal Tasso was devoted to fencing, and became as great a master of the sword as he was of song. Victor Alfieri also practised it, but with smaller success. The sabre or "broad-sword" is now becoming a favourite weapon in the centre and north of Italy.

In Paris, the French school of fencing has, of late years, been carried to the highest state of perfection; subsequent to the return of the Bourbons—about the same period that French literature became invaded by romances—two of its professors, Messrs. Lozès and Roussel, introduced a new system, which, in becoming universally adopted has drawn wider than ever the line of demarcation between it and the original Italian school of arms. The greatest fencer, and most celebrated teacher of the art in France, within the last hundred years, is undoubtedly Bertrand, now an old man. La Fugère of Lyons, formerly an officer of Napoleon's hussars, also enjoyed a wonderful reputation as a swordsman, but, notwithstanding this, and that he has written a work upon fencing, he never had many pupils; his play was quite original, and though his stature did not attain more than five feet and an inch, he possessed extraordinary quickness and experience.

The first *maîtres d'armes* of the French capital, at the present moment, are; Robert—who probably combines, most completely, judgment with great quickness and execution, and of whose qualities as an instructor I can, from personal experience, speak most satisfactorily; Gâtechair—a left handed but very elegant fencer, with a most ominous name; Pons—best known to English amateurs; Grisier, Bonnet, and the *maître d'armes* of the Zouave corps. I believe Berrier has retired. These masters have about the end of every year, as also in spring, meetings called "*assauts d'armes*," at which they test their skill with the buttoned foil in public: some of the more able of the military fencing masters, or regimental instructors, are also present, but they are inferior to the civilians, as a rule. The above mentioned master of the Zouaves is, nevertheless, a very formidable competitor: he has the fault, common to military fencers, of being a little slow in execution; a fault partly to be accounted for in the circumstance, that the system upon which they are taught is apt to check that fire and rapidity which, in combination with judgment, and a thorough knowledge of the art—with other requisites, in short—is so essential to make a pre-eminent fencer. Every regimental *maître d'armes*, is allowed by Government a certain sum of money to keep the men supplied with foils, masques, gloves, etc.; and it is therefore his interest to have as few foils broken as possible; and so it is that young soldiers acquire insensibly, a regular and precise style of fencing without much vivacity.

The late Lord Henry Seymour was one of the greatest amateurs of the art, and has, in his day, fenced almost upon an equality with the best professionals. This nobleman made the study of the sword one of his favourite hobbies, and even delighted in turning out a good pupil; his power consisted more in the excellence and variety of his "*répostes*" than in the attack. A French writer of considerable renown, a man at the present day of between fifty and sixty years of age, devotes an hour every morning to fencing. He has few equals as a fencer, and scarcely any superior. There have been some female fencers "*de la première*

force." I remember, only two years ago, of a woman making the tour of most of the *Salles d'Escrime* (fencing rooms) of Paris and challenging the masters to a trial of skill ; she gave the elder Pons so many hits, that he became quite irritated, and threw aside his foil in a pet. The celebrated Mademoiselle Gautier, who challenged Marshal Saxe, the most powerful man of his day, to a trial of strength of arm, was, if I mistake not, also an accomplished swordswoman. I know of a fencing-master who used for some time to keep himself in practice by fencing with his wife.

There is no exercise in France, combining skill with bodily activity, more popular than fencing ; the question is, would it still continue to be so if the duello were entirely abolished ? It is a well-known fact that, in the days when this mode of settling disputes and of balancing the point of honour was almost of hourly occurrence, fencing-masters were trebled in Paris, and in other cities of the Continent. When it was the fashion for every one to wear swords, it was more the fashion than at present to be masters of them ; hence, the greater temptation to duelling. Times are now indeed much changed for the better, and paradoxical as it may appear, there are even French officers almost entirely ignorant of the special use of the weapons they carry.

As I have remarked at the commencement of this chapter, fencing is taught on a very different principle in this country from what it is in France. The majority of those who are styled fencing-masters are, in truth, only teachers of gymnastics in a general way ; they have too much of the factotum, or "Jack of all trades" about them ; they fence, box, play single stick, give lessons in the broadsword or bayonet-exercise, lead their pupils up and down ropes and along parallel bars, all in a breath. Now, fencing, to be taught efficiently, must be taught as a speciality, and not considered as an item amongst a variety of exercises which help to constitute a mere physical education. On the contrary, it is almost a little science in itself, not a knack, as some might suppose, requiring only a sharp eye, a quick hand, and a little practice. The possession of mere physical requisites, without a certain amount of mental superiority will never make a man a first-class fencer ; they may carry him in a short time to the point of mediocrity or a little above it, and there he will stick : moreover, the best fencers confess to an acquaintance of from ten to thirty years, with the sword ; for it cannot be mastered in a few months or even a few years. What the violin is among musical instruments, the "small sword" is among weapons of self-defence, capable of being made to produce the greatest results. In the hands of a skilful performer—a first-rate swordsman ought to possess ready reflection with keen perception, and these, to act in unison with a light hand and supple limbs—it counter-balances, to a far greater extent than any other weapon, the advantages of superior size and brute force.

Monsieur Prévost of Paris, formerly an officer in the French army, is, or used to be, I believe, the most able fencer resident in London ; but Mr. Chapman, of the Fencing Club—a club frequented principally by

noblemen and men of fortune—would be found, I should imagine, a very formidable antagonist in any country.

Great as may be the merits of fencing, as an exercise which embraces decided benefits both to mind and body—and notwithstanding the examples I have cited of female aptitude in France—we would hardly venture to recommend it, as an art, remember, to our fair countrywomen at the moment in which their rights are being so loudly proclaimed; when we hear and read of their exploits in the hunting field, in joint shooting and fishing excursions in Norway; or in the Alps, on the Strahleck and Weisssthor, or on the summit of Mont Blanc himself; to say nothing of the lively and interesting discussions which have already taken place as to the expediency of admitting the female element into certain branches of our learned and scientific professions.

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## WHAT IS LOVE?

BY THE REV. G. E. MAUNSELL

SAY, what is Love? an empty sound  
 A shade, in Mammon's fetters bound  
 Or, if unshackled, only found  
     Within the dreamer's brain?

Full often feigned, full seldom known,  
 We boast the sacred name alone,  
 We reap where Folly's hand hath sown,  
     And idly then complain.

For Beauty, Youth, to plight the troth?  
 Time's reckless hand shall mock the oath,  
 And age despoil the form of both;  
     Then love shall burn no more.

To wed for wealth? The tricks of Fate  
 May steal thine all, yet leave thee, hate,  
 And a frail, vain, complaining mate;  
     So art thou truly poor!

A soul that feels religion's truth,  
 A mind unscathed by pride's fell tooth,  
 Are better far than beauty, youth,  
     Or fading tints of health.

A heart that e'en from childhood knew  
 What to another's faults is due,  
 A love that's generous, fond and true:  
     These are the only wealth.

Thrice happy they, whose hearts combined  
 Form but one will, one kindred mind,  
 Each with the other promptly kind  
     To bear, and to forbear.

These still shall please, though wasted, wan,  
 Droops beauty's rose that wholesome shone;  
 These still shall last when age comes on,  
     And bloom for ever fair.



## THE PASTOR'S PUPIL

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

(Continued from Page 380.)

### CHAPTER V.

ALICE, during her absence, kept up an uninterrupted correspondence with Margaret. Many letters which came from her were entirely filled with vivid descriptions of the beauties and marvels which excited her admiration and astonishment in her travels, the natural effects of novelty on an artless and unsophisticated mind. Then came many from her, written in a more dejected tone, evincing the weariness, the lassitude, the desire for home, which are the inevitable results of pleasures which satiate and changes which fatigue. Then came many from her, expressive of an indefinable discontent, a sense of isolation, an abandonment of hope, a presentiment of impending sorrow; and then, when at the end of six months she and her husband had returned to their splendid home, when the rejoicings consequent on that return had ceased, when calm had succeeded to riot, when George had installed himself as lord and master of that wide domain—had surrounded himself with every luxury, had provided his mother with every luxury, had forgotten the darkness which had overshadowed his early prospects, had forgotten to be gracious and grateful for their maturer brilliancy, had allowed indifference to succeed to simulated affection, had allowed moroseness to succeed that indifference,—then Alice wrote to Margaret more piteously, more appealingly, imploring her to come to her, “not to relieve her *ennui*, not to combat her caprice; but to encourage her under despair, to love her under desertion, to nurse her under suffering.”

“Come, Margaret, come,” she continued pathetically, “pray, pray come, I have no friend but you; I feel so forsaken, I am so ill. I did not know that to be married was to be neglected, was to be despised; I thought to find in a husband all the dear ones that death had robbed me of, all the world could offer me of enchantment, all I could hope for or desire. I was mistaken, I have been undeceived, and my spirit is saddened, my heart is broken, my health is gone by the cruel discovery. I am not complaining of George: Heaven forbid that I should even conceive such an idea. I am complaining of myself; I was too inexperienced, too ignorant of human nature, too sanguine, too incapable of charming for ever. I trusted to my own great love to cover all defects, to compensate for all deficiencies. I did not imagine that the outpourings of that love could ever become irksome, distasteful, obtrusive; but, Margaret,

in my simple way I have found that it can—that any display of fondness almost actually creates disgust—that I must conquer my emotions, subdue my resentments, and tame down a never very passionate disposition. If you do not come to assist me in such a task, if you do not come to comfort me in such an agony, I shall die ; for, alone, my burden is more than I can bear. Come then to save me ; come then to save yourself from the torture of repenting having refused my request when it is too late to accept it.”

The contents of this most painful letter distressed Margaret beyond measure, she knew not how to decide. Was this the emergency which she had so faithfully pledged herself to attend to ?

She had no one to consult with, no one to advise with ; none of her family dreaming of her having an objection, and especially such an objection, to visiting Alice and George, so effectually had she concealed the secret of her forbidden attachment from them.

How could she refuse Alice ? what reason could she assign for that refusal so candid and so natural as not to awaken a suspicion of the truth, perhaps in the astute bosom of George, and by so doing, give him a sort of power over her ? Besides, why should she so fear to meet him again ? She knew the strength of her own resolution, for she had tested it to the utmost ; she knew that he would have no such struggles on her account, for he had never loved her ; she knew that he was the husband of another, of the friend whom she was going to endeavour to console for either the real or imaginary wrongs which he had inflicted on that friend. What really virtuous, what really noble-minded woman, could require a greater security for herself than that conviction ? Was not that conviction sufficient to inspire her with courage for herself, with pity for his victim, with contempt and abhorrence for him ?

With such sentiments on her part, coupled with the consciousness of his inhumanity to Alice, the close intimacy of daily intercourse could only be beneficial in still weakening the bonds of that attachment by which she had been too long shackled.

She therefore, without any further hesitation, wrote to Alice to assure her of her being in Berkshire as soon as she possibly could ; which, in all probability would be on the following evening, which was the case.

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## CHAPTER VI.

On her arrival at Oakholme—the name of Alice's seat—she was perfectly shocked at the sad ravages which a few months had effected on her delicate and enfeebled frame. She was wasted to a shadow, her cough was hollow and incessant, her complexion hectic and unnatural, her appetite capricious, her temper fretful, and, indeed, her whole appearance indicated the unmistakable symptoms of rapid decline. Margaret, at once,

saw that she had come to a confirmed invalid—one, that would occupy all her time, engross all her attention, challenge all her commiseration; and touched with that sublime pity which woman alone is capable of feeling under such circumstances, she yielded herself up to the pure impulses of her generous and devoted nature, rejecting indignantly even the thought of George's continual presence being an impediment in her way of succouring and, if possible, restoring Alice to health. She was innately too just to impute the loss of that health absolutely to George, as her malady was, alas! the family scourge; but she could not for an instant deny that his barbarous selfishness, his callous indifference, had fearfully and, perhaps, fatally accelerated the progress of that malady. And, "for that, she would never pardon him; for that, she would never cease to detest him."

Margaret did not affect to studiously avoid being alone with George; she merely appeared to be too constantly absorbed in the very precarious state of her poor friend's health to care to quit her apartment, nor, indeed, did he seem at all desirous of giving her the opportunity for a *tête-à-tête*; as after his accustomed morning visit to his wife's sick-room—always one more of ceremony than affection—he generally mounted his horse and rode over to the market-town, to meet his brother magistrates for the discussion and despatch of local affairs, or sought the more cheerful and agreeable society of the neighbouring gentry; and as Margaret and Alice invariably took their meals together, she rarely saw her former playmate and instructor.

One day, however, when she had been some weeks at Oakholme, and when the strong opiate draught, prescribed to allay her irritating cough, had produced its proper effect upon Alice, and she had sunk into a calm and quiet sleep—leaving her to be carefully watched by a confidential servant—Margaret descended into the garden to enjoy its coolness and solitude; seating herself on a rustic bench, and shaded by a large tree, she gave way to her thoughts, reviewing the past, and yielding herself up to the entrancing spell of retrospection. She had not indulged in the witching reverie long, when she heard a step approaching, and on looking from beyond the shelter of the tree, she beheld George. Her first impulse was to return to the house; but, on second thoughts, it seemed less pointed in her to remain until he had passed on, as he was no doubt taking a walk, or seeking for the gardener. But in both conjectures she was at fault, for bounding forward, and only stopping short of seizing her hand, he exclaimed vehemently: "You are alone at last!—thank God!—you are alone at last!—O Margaret, how have I watched, and longed, and even prayed for this moment; yet, now that it has arrived, I fear to find myself alone with you!"

Margaret felt the peril of her position, the peril of that modest fear in one so daring. She had to remember the dying wife, to steel her heart against the living husband, and merely replied, "Why?"

"What a frigid why! how different to the dear old tone!"

"Mr. Powis!—sir! you surely forget—"

"No! it is you who forget—you, Margaret Sutton, you! It is you who have forgotten all—O God of heaven! *all!*"

"Well! a retentive memory was never amongst the number of my cardinal virtues; and, with regard to your present accusation, I must beg to plead even to its Lethean obliviousness."

"Margaret, you are trifling with me, you are torturing me—I cannot believe you, I will not believe you—you cannot forget! Why did you come here to expose yourself to this danger?"

"Danger! I came because I felt that there could be *no* danger in being near you. I came as the invited guest of your *wife*, to whom, if you please, I will return."

"I do not please, you shall not return; you are destroying your health, you are sacrificing your beauty in that stifling atmosphere."

"And have you no compunction for the poor fading thing up yonder?"

"None; she was always so—she was always so. But you! you were ever radiant with the gorgeous, the glorious beauty not only of superb health, but of supreme intelligence."

"You are tolerably audacious."

"Oh, no, no, no; I am humbled to the dust—you have humbled me to the dust."

"Grovel in it, grovel in it as your native element, while I step aside out of the path of so degraded a creature."

"Margaret, Margaret! do not drive me to desperation; stay and listen to me, or you will assuredly rue the consequences."

"Proceed then—for as this is the first, as it will be the last, conversation which we shall ever hold on so obnoxious and insulting a subject, if you are not too tedious, I will restrain my impatience, I will curb my indignation, I will suffer your impertinence until you are silenced by your own shame."

"It is the first conversation, I grant; but not the last—but not the last by many, I swear."

"We shall see, you have sworn falsely before now."

"How can you be so sarcastic, how can you be so severe—have you no mercy, no remorsefulness, no womanly reluctance to wound?"

"Not for you."

"Then you never loved me?"

"Loved you! most certainly not."

"I thought you did, I once thought you did."

"You hoped I did, to gratify a mean, unmanly vanity, the most despicable of all triumphs; but my presence here, my manner now must convince you to the contrary. What a contrast between us! How dispassionate am I, in the innocence of my heart! how frantic you are, in the confession of a guilty love!"

"How scornful you are, you mean, in the consciousness of the power

of your magnificent beauty ; how abject I am, you mean, in my adoration of it."

"Such language tries me beyond human endurance ; I will not hear another word—I command you to let me pass."

"By heaven, your implacability quite staggers me, quite confounds me. I see that you are not to be softened, not to be convinced ; that you will never willingly be in my company again ; so now, now that you are here, you shall hear me out—you shall hear me out. You love another, you must love another. Who is it? who is it? There was not a boy who ever came to your father, who did not idolize you ; there was not a man who ever left your father, who will not bear your image to his grave. Who is it then—whom you do prefer to me?"

"Sir, this is the extreme of outrage. Do you suppose for an instant that it is imperative in me to love another, to be able to resist you? You, the most dishonourable, the most deceptive, the most treacherous of mankind?—you! for whom I feel the utmost contempt, the utmost detestation?—you, for whom I ransack my brain to find expressions bitter enough for my scorn?—you, who have the effrontery, the presumption, to declare your insolent love almost within hearing of your expiring wife?—you, who have taught me how base, how worthless a man can become? No, no, it is not necessary for me to love another, to abhor and despise you. I glory in protesting this, to avenge the most cruelly-wronged of all her sex, your hapless wife."

"What a woman, what an inconceivable, what an inexplicable woman!"

"I am as God made me, and so are you, for the matter of that—He making all sorts, creeping things, and *reptiles*."

"Margaret," he cried furiously, seizing her by the arm, "I will not endure this, I will force you to relent."

"How?"

"By entreaties, by tears."

"Try : Judas betrayed with a kiss, Brutus stabbed with a smile. Try, I repeat ; I defy you to change my opinion, but let me go. I blush at bearing a part in such a disgraceful contest so long, I feel absolutely degraded by it. Let me go, sir."

"Margaret, madam, oh, what an idiot I am to allow you to see the influence you have over me!"

"Do not be alarmed, I shall not use it improperly ; there you and I differ most materially, most materially."

"Have pity on me, have pity on me ; my life has long been intolerable—sick with one yearning hope, parched with one feverish desire—for I have loved you for years—"

"And yet you married another. O Alice! I am more indebted to you than I thought : I might have been his victim."

"Margaret, when I vowed to love and cherish her, I plunged a dagger in my own heart, whose wound conscience renders incurable."

"May it prove incurable—may it indeed prove incurable—may its never-ceasing pangs ultimately lead to that contrition which will, in some measure, atone for your matchless perfidy to your wife, your impious mockery of your God."

George relaxed his hold, George saw her rise from her seat, George heard her retreating footsteps, and George did not oppose her going; for George was utterly prostrated by her whole manner—he stood like one bewildered, uncertain, irresolute—and then he flung himself down by the garden-seat, and pressed his hot brow on it, and burst into tears, sobbingly exclaiming: "O Margaret, Margaret! my idol, my angel, my sorrow, my joy, my all, my very all on earth! how have you compelled me to repent of my avarice, my ignominy, my falsehood!—how have you awakened me from the brief slumber of ill-attained aggrandizement!—how have you ennobled that poverty from which I shrank in cowardly dismay! O Margaret, O Margaret, what could I have required, what could I have desired more than your love, if I had not been mad? What a man I should have become under the guidance of your strong mind, your resolute will, the purity of your principles! Now, all is too late—I am married—she loaths and detests me; now, indeed, all is too late—I have no motive for endeavour, no stimulus for exertion, no hope of success. With what haughtiness she left me grovelling, as she bade me, in the dust, never even condescending to turn that proud head to look at the writhings of the worm which her scorn had so crushed! Margaret, Margaret, I will not give you up yet, I cannot give you up yet. I must conquer you yet, or die in the struggle that defeats me."

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#### CHAPTER VII.

When Margaret reached the house, she did not, at once, hurry to enquire after Alice; she did not, at the moment, even recollect Alice—the slumber in which she had left her, the guard she had stationed at her bed-side. She went direct to her own room, to compose herself, to collect her thoughts, to recover from her surprise and agitation, to recal word for word the extraordinary and startling dialogue in which she had been so unexpectedly, so uncomplingly engaged—in which, to her amazement, her horror, her confusion, and her anguish, she had borne so prominent a part. Her soul was in a tumult—her brain throbbed, her heart beat almost to suffocation.

"He did love me then," she exclaimed tenderly, softened and subdued at the idea; "he does love me then—O heaven! he loves me still. What shall I do, with the weight of that secret added to the intolerable weight of my own? He has loved me for years, and yet he could persuade another that she was dear to him—the dearest on earth to him—and yet he could wed another. What occasion could there be to oblige him to practise such duplicity? what reason could he have to compel



him to sacrifice his best affections, to blunt the keen edge of his finest sensibilities, to break the enchanting spell of early associations? What could be his motive—what could have been his motive for such nefarious imposition on himself—on me—on Alice? Why give the preference to one so drooping, so deficient in mental powers, in personal charms, so really uncongenial to a nature like his? Poor simple, trusting Alice, with only her loving heart to give in return for all his multiform fascinations! How mysterious his union with her seemed at the time! how doubly mysterious does it now seem—*now*, that he had openly declared his love for me, his unalterable love for me! Oh! more than ever, must I keep him in ignorance of mine—more than ever, must I shun his dangerous society—more than ever, must I arm myself with a cold repelling circumspection—more than ever, must I strengthen myself against the betraying weakness of that grateful pity for being loved, which has wrought the destruction of many a tender-hearted woman who fancied herself secure in the unswerving integrity of her innately pure mind!—more than ever, must I encourage myself in that inflexibility of purpose which will teach him that I can and do resent the daring avowal of his criminal love. My vigilance must never slumber, my resolution must never waver; as I have begun, so must I continue, to the end of a weary and woful life. How providential it was that I assumed that caustic tone of ridicule which so completely concealed my own feelings, and discouraged his! He could not guess the truth, under such a semblance of scorn; he could not question the reiterated assertion that I never had loved him—*never*. Ah! if he had—if he had—how should I have been in his power; how would he have gloried in exerting that power to my shame and my ruin! Poor, dear darling Alice—poor, injured, confiding Alice—I must, I will, learn to hate him, as bitterly as I only professed to do, to atone to you for the involuntary offence of loving your husband, of being loved by your husband. How shall I meet him, how will he meet me? how shall we stand face to face before you, his victim—almost my victim? Will he shrink at your glance, will he quail at mine? Dear God! support me; let me not fail in the hour of my direst trial; support me in mercy, teach me to take heed, lest, after all, I fall."

Margaret was not kept long in suspense on the delicate point of encountering George after his terrible and terrifying declaration, as on the morning which succeeded it, he entered the apartment of his wife at the usual hour, made the usual enquiries regarding her health, acknowledged Margaret's formal recognition of him with the usual air of polite and distant civility; and was, in fact, to all outward appearance, the same in every respect, as if Margaret had but dreamed a hideous dream of passionate and guilty love—as if Margaret had but dreamed a hideous dream of repulsing that passionate and guilty love.

And was she less of an enigma to him? What trace of recent anger, scorn, contempt, could he detect on that serene and supercilious brow? What indications of inward struggle on the calm and impassive counte-

nance? Where was the rising blush, the flashing eye, the averted head, the faltering tongue, the palpitating bosom? Did they not stand there side by side—criminal although the one was, conscious although the other was of that criminality—firmly and defiantly, as if daring each other to withdraw the heavy pall-like curtain which conscience had dropped down over their hearts, to reveal to the fainting and failing creature lying before them the treachery, the infidelity of the husband—the remorse, the agony of the friend? The meek and uncomplaining sufferer was spared those atrocious revelations. As she had lived, so she died, full of love and faith in both: on the bosom of Margaret she expired, with her hand extended towards her husband; while a sweet smile playing round her mouth, and spreading gradually over her whole face, rendered the plain and despised Alice absolutely beautiful with the radiant beauty of a spirit called to its home in heaven.

When Margaret had closed her eyes and kissed her brow, and breathed that prayer of anguish which is only addressed to the dead, feeling that her labour of love was completed, she took advantage of the absence of George in London—whither he was compelled to go to make arrangements for his wife's funeral, to make arrangements for quitting his splendid possessions ten months after having attained them by his luckless marriage—to hurry her own departure from a place which had been to her so replete with wilfully endured trial, with wilfully endured temptation; for, but for the watchfulness of the Almighty, how might she have left it to return to that pure, unsullied abode of her infancy, which had ever been to her as *holy ground*? When the danger was escaped, then she felt, indeed, how tremendous had been her risk.

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#### CHAPTER VIII.

It is impossible for any imagination, however fertile may be its powers in the invention of the horrors of fictitious isolation, to conceive the dreariness of that reality which is an actual embodiment of a loneliness which appals and affrights, when the deserted spot is revisited with a stealthiness that seems like turpitude, which was familiarized to the heart in the bright and glowing season of its unshaken innocence, when that heart was most sanguine and most trustful, when the object which inspired that hope and that trust, which lent vitality to it, which lent animation to every scene, is lost to that heart for ever. The terror of that deep loneliness must be experienced in its most dismal and dismaying extreme—it must be felt as Margaret felt it, until every nerve shuddered, every heart-string quivered—ere it can be portrayed in the full force of its dread overshadowings. It must be felt as Margaret felt it when she stood by herself in the old school-room at the vicarage—stood breathless, silent, listening—enviored, invaded, overwhelmed by its sacred, its wondrous influences.

There was the same magnificent prospect from the window, there was the same clear azure sky above, the same clear white stream below, the same murmur of the summer breeze, the same song of birds amongst the summer blossoms. All was unchanged in the immutability of nature ; all was so unchanged, save when the tears, springing from her heart to her eyes, obscured the loveliness to which her attention had been so frequently called by the fervid and enthusiastic companion of her girlhood. There was the ineffable—the essence, spirit—presence of him who would never review those scenes again, never cross the threshold of that, to her *memory*, hallowed apartment again. His landscapes still decorated its walls, his piano still occupied its accustomed place, his portfolio still lay open upon the table, his unfinished sketches still were scattered about, his one exquisitely drawn portrait of herself still rested on his easel. There were the duets which they had sung together still upon his music-stand, the tenderest passages significantly underlined by him ; his books were still on the shelves, his very prayer book ; for in the hurry and elation of his splendid marriage, he had considered such trifles unworthy of removal.

“O George ! O George !” she exclaimed, bursting into tears of inexpressible anguish ; “O George ! when I recal the past, I am stupified, I am bewildered, I am terrified. I could have struggled with my own love, I could have conquered my own love, or carried the burden of it through a joyless and uncared-for life ; I could have mourned over the illusion of my youth, imploring but the pity of heaven to sustain me ; but to have to weep, to mourn for yours, to have to struggle against the seduction of yours, to have to conquer the encroaching idea of yours, requires more fortitude than I fear I possess. While I was anxiously and actively engaged in ministering to the sufferings of your poor wife, while I was anxiously and actively engaged in supporting my assumed character of hating and despising you, I had not time to think of that future when your wife should be in her grave ; when you should be in a foreign land ; when I should be here in this old room alone, with no sympathy to comfort me, to encourage me, to support me—with only the remembrance of the love I denied, the love you avowed, to torment me with self-upbraiding for my harshness, to melt me with the tenderest commiseration for you, for having deprived you of the assurance of my friendship at least to console you in your restless wanderings.

Yet could I have acted otherwise ? how could I have acted otherwise ? For was not your marriage with Alice optional ? was not your preference of Alice optional ? I must have acted as I did, or compromised myself for ever ; for you, George, for you left me no alternative—you, George, you raised that insurmountable barrier between us, which now never, never can be, never shall be crossed by me—not even to save my own life ; not even—no—I dare not write that tremendous sentence—to save your life.”

By degrees, Margaret found courage to crush her morbid regret, to

take quiet re-possession of the once so dreaded room, to make it her sanctum, to draw in it, to play and sing in it, to read in it, to meditate in it, and to pray in it. By degrees, she resumed all her former cheerful and cheering ways ; attending to her flowers, accompanying her father in his long, rural walks, assisting her mother in her domestic concerns, instructing her young sisters, advising her young brothers, and becoming once more that "sunshine in a shady place," in whose warmth all around her had so loved to bask.

Alice having, with a rare conscientiousness, a rare sense of gratitude, divided that portion of her fortune which was left at her disposal equally between the husband whom she had so loved, the friend whom she had so loved,—Margaret was at length enabled to fulfil the one fondest wish of her heart, the releasing of her precious father from the toils and interruptions of tuition, and the restoring him to the calm pursuits of his dear and venerated studies ; deriving, from the light and glory of his intellectual felicity, a reflected radiance for the gloom which still enveloped her soul with a pall-like darkness.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

Margaret had, by one of those almost superhuman efforts of which a strong will is alone capable, brought her daily avocations under that uniform regularity, as left her none of those idle moments for the indulgence of the brooding thought, the corroding grief, which are so destructive of health, serenity, resignation, and benevolence. If she sorrowed, it was not as one without hope, for she had an unshaken belief in the compensations of Providence ; she therefore strenuously sought to confer happiness, waiting patiently for her reward.

Alice had been dead nearly two years, and yet in all that time she had never heard from George, never heard of George ; and so she naturally concluded that he had finally abandoned his pursuit of her, finally resolved to overcome his hopeless passion for her, finally, perhaps, consoled himself for the loss of her's in the more facile affection of another. She could not disguise from herself, that the idea of this *second* separation inflicted a most poignant pang of regret on her heart. Still, if it were the case, ought she not to consider it as a fortunate escape for her ? for, was she not firm in the rejection of a love which had its foundation in fraud and falsehood ? then, why provoke further temptation ? "No, no, only let us keep apart, and then I shall, at least, hope to regain tranquillity—the tranquillity which he has so long, so rudely disturbed."

One fine summer's afternoon, when she was busily engaged amongst her flowers, a boy called over the low garden-fence to her, to tell her "that Martha Meadows, an old, bed-ridden widow, was in a fit, and that nurse Brown, who had the care of her, was terribly frightened."

Margaret desired him to run back and say "she would be at the cottage immediately." And, only waiting to put on her bonnet and shawl, she hurried after the little messenger, hoping to overtake him to learn more particulars respecting old Martha's dangerous seizure, but he had evidently obeyed her injunction of running back, literally, as she saw nothing of him.

On softly lifting up the door-latch and passing quietly into the narrow passage, she was surprised at the perfect stillness of the house, and, fearing the worst, she was hastening up stairs to the invalid's room, when the door of the room below it was suddenly opened, and she was forcibly dragged into it, and by the sunshine blazing through the casement, she saw that her captor was George.

"Mr. Powis!" she exclaimed, releasing herself from his grasp, "why this indignity? why this imposition?"

"Margaret, can you wonder at any artifice to behold that dear face again?"

"Not from you, not from you, such an adept in dissimulation as you are."

"Margaret," he said, deliberately locking the door and putting the key into his pocket, "I am callous to your reproaches, I am callous to your sarcasm, I am callous to your indignation—I am sick at heart, I cannot endure this estrangement, I cannot endure existence without you. There is a mystery about your conduct which I long to penetrate, which I must penetrate. I know your every movement, I have known your every movement since the hour that you fled from me, for I have been near you often: I have spies constantly watching you. I know that you have dismissed suitor after suitor, to sink, like me, under the burden of hopeless rejection: men of rank, men of wealth, men of integrity, men who could challenge the world to testify to the honour which was still intact—men my superior in all—"

"I am glad to find you have the grace to feel and acknowledge your own demerits."

"Margaret, a truce to trifling: I am serious, I am desperate—yes, desperate—my soul's salvation may depend on the explanation which you may choose to give. I am at your mercy, your scorn, your compassion; can I be more abject? Margaret, why have you so pertinaciously refused all those most eligible offers?—how is this?—you must love, or you must *have* loved, your nature is over-fraught with tenderness; why then are you still unmarried?"

"What, if I replied that you, having taught me how base a man could become, was the reason that kept me single? what, if I replied that the sad example furnished by poor Alice's luckless union with you—"

"Oh! do not think of Alice, do not think of Alice's marriage at such a moment," he cried impetuously.

"Not think of Alice, not think of Alice's marriage at this, at every other moment of my life? I must, I will think of her; I must, I will

think of it. And, do not you imagine, that because a merciful God released her wounded spirit from its intolerable agony, that the crying sin of your oppression has ceased to echo amongst the pitying angels, has ceased to call aloud for vengeance on your guilty head, in the undeviating righteousness of retribution."

"Denounce me as you will ; you made me the monster that, I admit, I was to her."

"I made you that monster?"

"Yes ! you : had you but given me the very faintest encouragement for future hope, however distant—"

"Hold, sir. What ! that we might together have marked the fleeting life, the failing pulse ; that we might together have closed the eyes, whose sublime reliance could no longer upbraid us for our guilty eagerness ? But, that the idea is simply absurd, I should deem it diabolical. Still, I must loathe and abhor the consummate villainy which could not only conceive it, but actually have the hardihood to broach it to me."

"Margaret, time presses, you must come to the point, you must consent to be mine one way or another."

"Is there then an alternative ? I thought in rejecting your love long since—"

"Then I was not free to marry you, now I am."

"You were free once, and yet you did not then seek my love."

"Well, I seek it now ; now, as a last experiment, I lay my soul at your feet."

"That I, by lifting it out of the mire into which it voluntarily sunk, may sully my own. No : let it trail on, let it leave its serpent-slime in the track of the iniquity which it is still bent on pursuing. Its deviation from such a deadly and deadening path must proceed from penitence not from passion."

"Margaret, how rashly you provoke your fate, how inconsiderately you dare me to my worst—take the consequences, for come what may, you shall not escape me this time, you shall not quit this cottage except as my affianced wife. See ! you are defenceless."

"Defenceless ! I defenceless ? No, no, had my father as many sons as Priam, to send for my protection, I would not summon one to the rescue ; I feel more than sufficient here alone against the threats of so pitiful, so cowardly a wretch—one, who dared not put those threats into execution until he had by a lie got rid of the only earthly witness whose evidence could have convicted him of his unmanly ruffianism—one, who durst not now put those threats into execution—one, who durst not even detain me a moment longer than I choose—one, whom I command to instantly open that door, and let me go, in the strength of my reliance on Heaven, in the strength of my contempt and defiance for him."

"Go ! go !" he cried, flinging open the door, and almost pushing her out ; "go ! Would, that I could curse you as you depart, for making me



so feel my utter degradation!—would, that I could! Go! and delay not, or I may repent this clemency! Go! and, in mercy, let me never behold those fatal charms again!”

“Do not fear: from this day forward I shall be prepared to baffle all your artifices.”

Margaret's heart beat to bursting, but, so long as she knew she could be seen from the cottage window, she walked on with a calm deliberate step; but the instant that she was certain that a turn in the road concealed her from view, she quickened her pace, and never slackened it, until she had reached her own room, bolted the door, and flung herself into a chair in a passion of tears—tears of shame, tears of anger, tears of anguish, tears of regret: tears of bitter agonizing regret for a love so ardent, so constant, and so culpable.

“Oh, if he had but come,” she exclaimed, choked by her sobs, “in the humiliation of a broken and a contrite heart—if he had but said, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee—if he had but said, Take me, and lead me back to the paths of purity and peace,—I would have accepted him, I would have accepted his love, with the grateful thankfulness of an overflowing rapture. But to come with a lie—a subterfuge—a threat of violence! Oh, no! oh, no! though I die in the conflict, I will never swerve from my determination; for such as he is—for such as he is—he is not the man whom I could take to my arms as a husband, whom my soul would delight to honour and obey, upon whose bosom I could lay my head and take my rest, knowing that God careth for me, knowing that God careth for him, knowing that Alice, from the glorious height of her felicity, would look down with complacency on ours.”

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(To be continued.)

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## COUPLETS OF LIBERTY.

BY H. KAINS JACKSON.

SAY! how flow the Rivers, in all lands that be?  
The Rivers, in all lands, flow down to the sea!

And how runs the heart's blood in all hearts that be?  
A river the blood runs to Freedom, its sea!

And how falls the Spring-time all over the Earth?  
The dormant it touches and quickens in birth!

And how falls a Free-thought, that falls where it may?  
The dormant it touches and breathes life in clay!

And where sleeps the Thunder? it sleeps in the cloud  
Where Heaven is blackest; the thunder is loud!

And where sleeps the Vengeance, which, Tyrants! ye fear?  
Wherever the Tyrant is, vengeance is near!

And how fall the Forests? by stroke after stroke,  
Till high o'er the clearing up curls the blue smoke!

But how fall the Fetters, on mankind that weigh?  
Those Fetters to break them, comes day after day!

Though darkness the Day, from its morrow, divides  
Yet *moments touch moments* as Time ever glides.

And Freeman from Freeman though Frontiers may sever,  
Free-thoughts still touch Free-thoughts unbroken for ever.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF MAMMA.

BY GEORGE JEWEL.

### PART I.

WHEN Albert Smith and his contemporaries first enlightened the public with their social zoologies, we were in a constant fever of expectation, looking forward and longing for the arrival of a brochure that should disclose to our eyes the manners, customs, and habits of that very important member of society, "The Mamma." But when month after month brought us some new and delightful history, and still mamma, contrary to all good manners and politeness, was kept totally in the background, we conceived that we had just cause for indignation, and assuming in our anger the feelings of a distinguished Irish patriot, resolved our own unworthy selves to claim "Justice for Mamma." Nevertheless, we could not enter upon the subject without some inward admonitory tremors; could we, might we, dare to lay before the public those domestic mysteries of which we had been a spectator? Should we not be aiming a blow at the very groundwork of society? Was it not possible that we might be received with a universal shout of execration, and banished as a traitor from the confines of society? We remembered, too, the days of our youth; we were a cadet in a numerous family, we were much addicted to flirting; and even at this present moment, although grown to a respectable obesity, and having lost our sting, that is to say, having committed matrimony, we approach the subject of mammas with a feeling not far removed from the sensations of a vagrant dog peeping into a well-furnished kitchen. May our modesty plead in our behalf; and the disclosures that we are about to make, interest the as yet unappropriated daughters of Eve deeply, and, above all, favourably, in the sorrows of mankind, and bring them to smile graciously on the poor, the hitherto snubbed and neglected detrimental.

### CHAPTER I.

#### ON MAMMAS IN GENERAL.

In compliance with the established usage we ought to invoke the subject of our pen. But how? No sylph-like forms, no scented tresses, no star-like eyes, no ivory, polished shoulders are at our disposal; all, all must be real, human, and substantial! The turban, the bird of Paradise plume, the awful matron-like black or crimson velvet must stand in place of these "*nuances*." Education and evening parties, chapeaus and chaperons, diamonds and dinners, are the subjects to be committed to our

paper, and we must needs enter upon them in unadorned, unpoetical English. We may, as a preliminary, here state that mammas form at two periods of their lives, two great and distinct classes. First, "The Domestic; Secondly, "The Having Marriageable Daughters, Mamma;" and these two admit again of many subdivisions, of which we shall in due time and in their respective orders endeavour to treat.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON THE DOMESTIC MAMMA.

The Domestic Mamma is a somewhat stout, good-humoured personage, having, for the most part, a large family of young children, and wholly absorbed and taken up in their attendant cares. If you meet two ladies of this description at a dinner-party, you will, in the course of the evening, probably behold them in close conference on the sofa, and the words "measles," "hooping-cough," "flannel bed-gowns," recurring at frequent intervals will sufficiently enlighten you as to the subject of their conversation; they are conversant with chilblains, and display a mutual confidence on confinements; they touch upon teething, and call for, and display a mutual sympathy "on the sufferings of my poor little Mary, who is such a delicate child," and "my little Tommy, who is just going into short coats." At a more advanced stage, schools and governesses are the engrossing topics. Mrs. A. then informs us how very fortunate she considers herself in having secured Miss Johnson, who is such a very superior kind of person to the common run of governesses, and dilates upon the various Lady Anna Marias and Lady Susans who have at different times experienced her attentions. Mrs. B. responds with a full and particular account of how nobly her little fellows go off to school without crying, and touches upon the subject of "that nasty, great boy at Mr. Canem's who used to tease poor, quiet little Johnny so, and stole his cake." Great as is our respect for maternal love, we confess that the Domestic Mamma is, at this period of her existence, an object to us of extreme terror. It is not many days since we received an invitation from a lady of this class, and in an evil hour consented to become, for some days, a denizen of her really hospitable mansion. We arrived about an hour and a half before dinner, and found Madame in the drawing-room surrounded by her children. The weather and other exciting topics of conversation were in the course of discussion, when my lower extremities were suddenly assailed by two stout little boys with wooden swords; and a third, of that interesting age in which children are so justly styled by the French, "*Les Enfants Terribles*," clung tenaciously round our leg, and left the mark of his dear little shoe cruelly conspicuous upon the bottoms of our pet trousers. Mamma, however, came to our rescue, and whilst apologetically remarking: "Boys are so full of mischief," requested us, "just to feel the weight of dear Petsy," informing us at the same time that

she was scarcely a twelvemonth old. We confess that we felt no slight repugnance at complying with her request; however, we did do it with as good grace as possible, and lifting the child from her arms, commenced, as in duty bound, as many exclamations of surprise as we could call up on the spur of the moment: when the little creature, suddenly raising up its two drumsticks of arms, fixed its talons deeply in our whiskers, and began such a series of evolutions with its dumpty legs as caused us much to speculate and wonder as to where the joints of infancy were, or rather were not, situated. We saw a smirk of delight upon our cruel hostess's face, and although she immediately began to free us from our Laocoon-like situation, and jingled her keys with great energy to divert the dear innocent's attention to less sensitive objects, yet we could plainly see how much she enjoyed the darling's drollery, and what a fund of anecdote she was collecting for future use at our expense. The dressing-bell terminated the first act of our sufferings, and we retired more than half awakened from our dreams as regarded the domestic peace and comfort that we had anticipated.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ON THE DOMESTIC MAMMA AFTER DINNER.

It is after that the dessert has been put upon the table, that the Domestic Mamma is in her greatest glory. At the party mentioned in last chapter, we were, after the usual manner of country dinners, pretty closely packed, and we had begun to flatter ourselves, that on this account the battalion of infantry would not appear: when, to our intense dismay, the footman began inserting chairs into every minute crevice round the table, to the great disturbance of several very promising flirtations: we saw what was impending, and a knock at the door, accompanied by the pattering of several small pair of feet, put the question beyond all manner of doubt. Our friends of before dinner, with their faces and button noses highly polished by the application of rough towels, reinforced by two small girls, were ushered in, and being seated after some little confusion, and a general exclamation from all the visitors of, "will you come to me," order was in some measure restored: and after a plate of cut sponge-cake, and another of melon, had met with the untimely fate of being overturned on the carpet by two of the respective guests whilst in the act of being obtruded upon their notice by the two three-foot Hebes, the ladies retired, taking with them in their train the infantry in question. Now, nothing could ever reconcile us to this unseasonable separation, were it not for the above mentioned deliverance. The mere act of feeding together, puts all parties at their ease to a degree, and conversation is then sometimes achieved without calling in the aid of our respective atmospheric observations. But the migration just mentioned puts an end to all this; the ladies betake themselves as their talents suggest, to

the nursery, to old annuals and books of engravings, or in a cluster round the fire, with sometimes a satin-slipped foot elevated upon the fender, discuss indifferent matters ; or if young and very intimate, now and then hazard a sly observation or two upon the unhappy beings whom they have deserted. By and bye there is a general move, tea is brought in, the ladies seat themselves in an awful semicircle, and three or four of the elder cherubs trot about in the amphitheatre thus ruthlessly made for the reception of the gentlemen. Really it requires more *sang froid* than ever we possessed, to be the first in making our appearance from the dining-room. You enter, you hope to gain a comfortable seat by your charming neighbour of the dinner-table, you spy her out upon the sofa, talking and laughing, you approach : a sudden look up, a dead pause, a commonplace observation. Clearly you are not wanted there. You try another ; the same result. Another ; you have ventured upon a damsel just emancipated from the school-room : a look down of acute shyness, a blush, a smooth down of the frock. Clearly you are not wanted there. In despair you retire, whether winter or summer, to the centre of the hearth-rug, and vainly strive to look quite at your ease, and with a horrid consciousness that you are out of place, bury your sorrows in your tea-cup, until your hearth-rug is invaded, and you become the nucleus of the gentlemen, who, like yourself, seem to feel that their only refuge is the grate. It is at this period that the Domestic Mamma's menagerie becomes again rampant ; if there be a scion or two still out of bed, the gentlemen are sure to excite them to a romp, by way of resource from their intense *mauvais honte* ; and if you are a man of great personal endurance, and do not indulge in the weakness of laced jabot, or mind having your hair pulled, you may gain some credit from the matrons as being "really so fond of children." This, however, is a rose not to be plucked without a thorn ; we have seen some awkward disclosures consequent upon too great an indulgence in it ; and we once beheld some beautiful black hair, which in our innocence we had supposed to be the natural produce of the fair head that it adorned, most cruelly displaced by an angel child of five years old, who had taken up its position behind a young lady in a *Prie Dieu*.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ON THE MENAGE OF THE DOMESTIC MAMMA.

The Menage of the Domestic Mamma is beyond doubt comfortable in all its various branches. We never inhabited a better room, or slept on a bed more cozily inviting than at the house of the lady of "*Les Enfants Terribles*." Every detail showed plainly the hospitable care and overlooking eye of the mistress, and from the nice piece of rounded brown windsor soap, to the fire burning brightly at dressing time, and carefully kept up and tended until you retire for the night, all might well



be pronounced perfect. Notwithstanding we may well apostrophize our visit in the words of Moore :

“ Some flowers of Eden ye still inherit,  
But the trail of the serpent is over them all ! ”

Our juvenile friends seemed most deeply read in the art of tormenting, in all and every branch. We were called the next morning at eight o'clock, by a fine specimen of the “ Old English Trusty John,” and having been partially aroused, lay in a most luxurious state like Kathleen Mavourneen, “ betwixt sleeping and waking,” until we could summon resolution enough to rise and begin our toilet ; when the door suddenly flew open and Master Frederic and Adolphus rushed into the room : we sprang from the bed in time to rescue our dressing-case and razors from the unhallowed grasp of the former, but Master Dolly evaded our clutch, and vanished from our longing eyes, taking with him as a trophy our dearly beloved spectacles, without which, to our miserable short-sighted vision, all is vague, uncertain, and unprofitable. Certainly, if the young gentleman could have received but a tithe of the blessings which we invoked upon him mentally, he would have restrained his *penchant* for optical instruments during the rest of his natural life ; as it was, we descended to breakfast in no very amiable mood, and, after making two or three blunders, which, we trow, will not soon be forgiven us, no one ever giving a wretch credit for being short-sighted, we requested our host's influence in obtaining the restitution of our captured allies : they came, but alas ! how changed ! After doing duty upon master Dolly's nose to the great admiration and laughter of the assembled kitchen, the unwonted ornaments had been successively tried upon the yard-dog and the cat, and their existence, or at least their usefulness, terminated by a sharp struggle among the juveniles for their possession. They went from us in one of Dixie's smartest shagreen cases, they returned to us in the hand of our condoling host, one glass missing, and in five pieces.

## CHAPTER V.

### ON THE DOMESTIC MAMMA IN THE MORNING.

Breakfast in some degree consoled us under our calamities ; we believe nothing brings so great consolation to a distressed Briton as the partaking of a good and substantial meal : we have seen food often dispel frowns, and the spirits of an assembled party rise from the lowest ebb almost to brilliancy on the announcement of the long postponed and and much wished for dinner. But our distresses on this eventful morning were not so soon to end, our cup of misery had yet a few bitter drops to still forth ! A large shooting party was assembled to beat the preserves and slaughter the pheasants of our host ; but how to join them with our unspectacled vision ? We had a horror of *beaterside*, and respected the

lives of our fellow sportsmen. Neither would we trust ourselves under the specious pretence of looking on; there were sundry of our shooting acquaintance present, and we knew that before the day was ended, sundry guns would be pressed upon us, "just to take a shot or two," and we felt conscious to ourselves that our fortitude and powers of refusal would fail us in the hour of trial; so we asserted that we did not in the least care for shooting, and sat ourselves down somewhat gloomily with the *Times*. Soon, too soon, was our tranquillity disturbed: enter the two young ladies who in turn produced, under the superintendence of Mamma, some charming variations, diversified with sundry time beatings and "try that again, my dears." This lasted for the space of nearly two hours, when a sudden bell gave us again some faint hopes of respite. Alas! Mr. Kit, the dancing-master, was announced, and, in consequence of a thorough housemaid's invasion in the school-room, the young ladies must take their lesson there in our presence. Master Frederic and Adolphus had slipped away to join the shooters, a fourth was in requisition for the quadrille, and Mamma, the only other denizen of the drawing-room, was of the good old days of country dances. The sequel may at once be guessed at. Behold us delivered up to the tender mercies of Mr. Kit and standing up in broad daylight to dance under his superintendence; figure after figure did that merciless man perpetrate, scraping vehemently upon a small fiddle, and more than once evincing no small inclination to give us a lesson gratis, and to interfere with the clumsiness of our steps. Polkas and the *Deux tems* succeeded, and we passed the morning in enacting the cavalier to the young ladies, being, to our no small confusion, twice detected in lifting our small partner off her legs and carrying her round, a mode of locomotion which we rather preferred to the painful stooping and tiny steps that a more legitimate style of dancing required. Luncheon brought no relief; Mamma presided over the children's dinner, and in consideration of our exertions, invited us with a kindness that we could well have dispensed with, though not refuse, to take our luncheon also with the darlings. We pass over in silence the dread scene of gravy spattering, drinking with the mouth full, and currant-pudding consumption that followed: suffice it to say that we seized the earliest opportunity of retiring, and, making our way to the nearest town where we were personally unknown, despatched a note to our own proper selves requiring our immediate return to our own domicile. This we received in the drawing-room on our return, and after expressing, we blush to say, a befitting degree of sorrow at the untimely termination of our visit, summoned a post-chaise, and returned to the solitude of our own chambers and the blessed regions of our club, where miseries are unknown and children but a vague and uncherished chimera. "*Au reste*," we must confess the Domestic Mamma to be a good, worthy, estimable creature: so long as her offspring are in the background, she is a pattern of English hospitality, she likes to see her friends and neighbours about her, and can, when her head is not filled with her one great engrossing

topic, give you both sterling good sense and sound advice. To her husband too she is both a comfort and a true help-mate, and if he be a poor man, saves him both expense and trouble by her arrangements. She displays a wonderful degree of ingenuity in adapting the out-grown clothes of her elder to the necessities of her younger children, and can at a glance tell whether the jacket of Master Tommy should descend upon the shoulders of Willy, or, by a metamorphosis no less wonderful than Ovid's, shine forth as a spencer upon little Jane; she is deeply skilled in the mysteries of cookery, and her poor neighbours for miles flock to her as their best medical adviser; what pocket money she has, is not kept for herself, but for her children and the poor; and if her husband be well to do in the world, you will see her name at the head of every deserving charity that you can think of. Thus she fulfils the duties of her station, and if she sometimes, through excess of tenderness, makes her children troublesome to her visitors, she is at least better than those fashionable mothers who leave the education of them to strangers, and, absenting themselves wholly from any care or trouble, bring out upon set occasions a parcel of little befrilled and furbelowed men and women who are prematurely grown up in their manners and thoughts, and "would not do a rude thing for the world." From the menage of the one you may, if you please, keep away, and leave her in the quiet enjoyment of her family circle, feeling confident that if in after years they turn out badly, it will not be for any want of care or instruction on her part; but the other lets loose upon society a set of little beings already warped in their minds, and dead to all the natural impressions and feelings of childhood: taught to look upon money as the "*summum bonum*," and rank and fashion as the first objects to be attained and considered, can it be wondered at if we see the seed thus early and carefully sown producing a hydra-like crop of evils, and perpetuating all the worst feelings of society, again, in their time, to be by them handed on to posterity.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ON THE WOULD BE MAMMA.

It is the common lot of mortals to desire that which we have not. Sage reflection! and of course acceptable on account of its novelty! This lady is tormented by an incessant desire for children, and, by dint of thinking of and longing for them, does sometimes at last persuade both herself and others that such an event is likely, nay, even near at hand. The "Mrs. Gamp" of the neighbourhood is spoken with, caps and baby linen of the most costly description and other appurtenances are laid in, the husband is in a twitter of expectation; but the arrival tarries: hope is still rife, more preparations, more bustle, more baby caps and linen; still no arrival. The husband anxious, Mrs. Gamp confident,

the doctor somewhat sceptical. Poor thing ! she is at length brought to understand that there is no chance ! More successful matrons are unexpectedly gratified with the infant trousseau, poor women find themselves surreptitiously comforted by her presents of little shirts and shifts. The uninitiated are loud in their praises of Mrs. — for taking such pains and expense for her friends and neighbours, the more knowing smile, the deceived couple look foolish ; but as some good may always be derived from evil, they, for the future, become firm believers in the wisdom of old sayings, and from that best of teachers, experience, gather that great and important moral truth, “never count your chickens before they are hatched.”

## CHAPTER VII.

### ON THE MEDICAL MAMMA.

Alas ! for her poor servants, her husband, above all, for her children ! she has an inexhaustible stock of medicine which she is always ready to administer upon the slightest occasion. Hot bran and water, foot baths and rough towels, are in her house in incessant requisition ; there is a faint but very perceptible smell of ether and paragoric pervading the whole atmosphere, and the juvenile imagination there connects powders and currant jelly inseparably together. Besides she has a most unhappy tendency towards all new inventions and quackeries. The system of St. John Long first met with a welcome and a partizan through her ; her children, during her first ardour, were almost rubbed out of the world ; and still more recently their remains have undergone maceration and a partial dissolution in cold water. She will talk to you most eloquently upon this invention, swallowing every five minutes as a stimulant, a great tumbler of ice cold water ; she presses it too upon her friends with a most cruel pertinacity, and considers that she is conferring a public benefit upon society, should she succeed in finding one single victim rash enough to listen to her importunities. More recently still the infinitesimal system had pervaded every particle of her brain, decillionths of deadly poison made up into pin-head doses are now her first favourites, and she is convinced most firmly, as she has been often before, that there is no permanent cure or relief in any other. To do her justice, she generally tries them all most impartially upon herself, and like the Italian, whose fate is recorded in his epitaph, runs no small chance of bearing upon her tomb—

“Stavo béne,”

“Per stare meglio”

“Sto qua.”

In fact, wherever her body may chance to be, her heart and soul is in her medicine chest. “My dear,” she will say to her husband, “you look rather flushed this morning ; now *do* take just two table-spoonfuls of my

mixture : it is wonderful what benefit it was to Mrs. P., and how well it suits poor George Bolter, and I myself am quite another creature since I used it." N.B.—The poor lady's figure is like a penny vial, and her complexion the hue of a dirty pill box. "I took little Tommy up last night and gave him two boluses, he breathed rather hard in his sleep." "I am sure too," she continues, "Maria has worms; Miss L. (the governess) says she scratched her nose once yesterday, and that's a sure sign," and so on through all the members of the family. If her children are well she doses them to keep them so; if ill, to make them better; and she is the dread and horror of the family physician into whose prescriptions she *will* enquire, and whose medicines she will administer in what proportions, and in those only, which seemeth to her good.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON THE FAST MAMMA.

She is generally the daughter of a thorough paced match-maker, and cannot all at once give up those employments and amusements that have gained for her an husband. Her laugh is the loudest, her *Deux tems* the most rapid, her shoulders the barest, her gown the lowest of any lady's in the room. She follows the hounds, she has been known to smoke a cigar; and it is only by removing her from her native county, that her afflicted husband is able to estrange her from the pursuits of her maidenhood, and bring her down into the sphere of sober and quiet matrons. Perhaps her faults are more the faults of her education than of the heart, and her *emeutes* caused more by the exuberance of her spirits than by any fixed bias and inclination to what is *bizarre* and odd; yet should we be somewhat shy of venturing upon such a mate, looking upon her rather in the light of a wild animal only half reclaimed, and as one who may very possibly upon the first favourable opportunity return to her old haunts and habits of living. Besides, she generally has some old attachment to which she for a time, and until convinced of its utter impracticability, has given up herself heart and soul. Such a *penchant* is by no means a pleasant *souvenir* for a husband, however well he may feel convinced of his wife's honour, especially should the gentleman be, as he often is, some notoriously fascinating, but alas! gay and deceitful Lothario. Should, however, all go well for the first few years, this gay lady becomes wonderfully sobered down; her children become a tie that unite her more closely with her husband with each successive year; she ceases to think of her young days at all, or remembers them but with much the same sort of feeling that a man looks back upon his college life; she abandons balls, gives up races, eschews hunting, cuts her smartest dresses into best frocks for the girls, and can ultimately hear of all the gay world's doings without a single sigh of regret.



## CHAPTER IX.

## ON THE POLITICAL MAMMA.

Bless their dear hearts! the ladies do nothing by halves! The Political Mamma is either a downright thorough going radical, or a real red-hot Tory. But whatever view or side of the question she may chance to take, to that she adheres most zealously. You may see her in all her glory at a general election, decked out in her favourite candidate's colours, waving her handkerchief violently upon his appearance, and in danger of falling from the first floor balcony that she had weeks ago secured in her ardour lest she should lose one single word of his address. Should she, by great good luck, have a husband or a son in this situation, her zeal is redoubled. She will do anything for a vote, from tasting a glass of poisonous gin, to kissing an unwashed artisan. There is not a single member of her family left unribboned; her daughters become animated pincushions for the reception of rosettes, her smaller fry are armed with little flags and cheer incessantly; and her footmen's and coachmen's liveries are almost undistinguishable from the profusion of favours with which they are bedizened. Then to hear her talk! She will make you almost think that the welfare of the nation depends upon her favourite's success. She declaims against his opponent in no very measured terms, and although by no means a cruel or hard-hearted personage, could look upon their lapidation or even total annihilation with a most lively satisfaction. She likes too to read over in the most violent newspaper of her party every speech and article connected with politics; she identifies herself with their sentiments, she quotes them in her arguments. She is great upon the subject of the national debt, the corn-laws have long been as grist to her mill, nor is she yet silent upon them; and she can prove beyond a doubt, at least as far as she herself is concerned, in what manner the slaughter of Chillianwallah might have been prevented, and the Sikh army defeated without the loss of one single life among the British. In fact, if you believe all this lady says (which, by the way, some foolish sceptics are not inclined to do), you must acknowledge that she and she only is fit to be at the head of affairs in any momentous crisis. Yet, do we give her credit for having at least one quality for which statesmen are not always pre-eminent! She is at least sincere, and as, when she has done her best or her worst, she is for the most part harmless, we may at least leave her to the enjoyment of her fancied superiority.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

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(To be continued.)



## HAUNTS OF MUSIC.

BY J. C. TILDESLEY.

THERE is music in the Ocean, when the waves are white with foam,  
 And the rough, wild winds of winter toss the billows to the sky,  
 When the sailor boy is thinking of his far-off cottage home,  
 And the storm-toss'd sea-birds hover, with their strange, sad tempest-cry.  
     From the scenes of wildest splendour  
     Comes the voice of melody ;  
 There is music deep and tender  
     In the ever sounding sea !

There is music in the Forest, with its many-tinted flowers,  
 When the young Spring leaves are gladden'd by the sunlight and the breeze,  
 When the joy-birds chant their matin-songs, amid the leafy bowers,  
 And the morning sunbeams tinge with gold, the brooklets and the trees.  
     Bird, and stream, and breeze unite  
     In one glad song of love,  
 To swell with strains of sweet delight  
     The music of the grove !

There is music in the City, 'mid the tumult and the din,  
 'Mid the clanging and the chiming, and the never ceasing roar,  
 'Mid the gaiety of splendour, and the wretchedness of sin,  
 'Mid the laughter of the jocund, and the pleadings of the poor.  
     Where the great crowd weeps ; rejoices ;  
     Murmuring sounds commingling meet,  
 There is music in the voices  
     Of the thronging city street.

There is music in my lov'd one's voice, when she sings in strains sublime  
 The songs that thrill my soul with joy, and peace, and hope, and love ;  
 There is music in the village bells, as they ring their passing chime,  
 And music in the wintry wind, that sweeps the leafless grove.  
     On mountain height, and sandy plain,  
     Amid the city's throng,  
 In leafy glade, and sounding main,  
     There dwells the voice of song.

Oh ! bleak and barren is the heart where music does not dwell,  
 And the days of life are desolate, and the nights are long and drear,  
 Where holy love-chords lie unstrung, where joy-notes never swell,  
 Where the glad heart never echoes with the melodies that cheer.  
     But the noblest strain that the soul enjoys,  
     As through life we journey on,  
 Is the music of that inward voice  
     That whispers "*Duty Done!*"

WILLENHALL, August 1862.

## AUTUMN—WHERE SHALL WE GO?

BY F. A. M.

THIS has been an unhappy Summer. She has been constantly shedding tears over the rude ungentlemanly conduct of Winter, who has ever and anon been threatening to come from the north and usurp her more genial and loveable sway. We are all hopeful that Autumn will receive better treatment from the surly old fellow, and that she will be allowed to enjoy her fruits quietly and unmolested. Whether or no we must be off to the country, for it is essential that we should unbend the bow, and give the lungs full play among the hills and vales, and refresh the mind with the ever varying face of nature. Where shall we go? Ah! that *is* the question. Where shall we go? has been echoed five hundred and fifty thousand times throughout these realms during the last two months. "Where shall we go?" says Jemima to Jenkins, as he wipes his mouth with the table-napkin after enjoying, with a feeling of supreme satisfaction, the plum-pudding on which his loved one had exerted her utmost culinary skill. "Where shall we go?" echoes Jenkins: "ah, well! we must go North; I am tired of Ramsgate and Margate, and them slow places; let us go to the wildernesses of Scotland, where the men wear petticoats and eat oat-meal." Jemima looks very frightened and entreats Jenkins, if he *will* go North, not to go further than York. But Jenkins has been reading up; he has not subscribed to Mudie's for *nothin'*; and he has laid his plans and will for once in his life gaze upon the mountains of Scotland.

To the hills we shall go then, to roam over the blooming heather and clamber over rocks and fells along the course of the brawling torrent; and though, like Jenkins, we may not array ourselves in pork-pie hat and light cloth-boots with enamel tips, preferring the hob-nailed shoon and wide-awake, we hope like him to return home much improved by our ramble and thinking better of mankind. Let us go to Glasgow and hasten to the Broomielaw, and put ourselves on board the steamer bound for the island of Arran, and sail leisurely down the Clyde—past the shipping and the ship-building yards, the big, lazy, red-coated buoys, beacons, and embankments—until Dumbarton Castle rising to the view calls our thoughts away to more cheerful and romantic subjects. It is very delightful to sail down the Clyde on a bright summer afternoon with a pleasant breeze wafting from the west, the modern castles and villas of the Glasgow merchants smiling along the undulating banks, and getting a peep every now and then of some object that has been the theme of song. If you are fond of studying character and individuality, there is abundant opportunity afforded on board, from the big, burly skipper to the jackanapes of a cabin-boy. Here we have the wealthy Glasgow merchant and his

family, his wife displaying a large share of good-living and gold chains ; and there the *bit body* from the Gallowgate “gaun doon to the sa’ water.” In the steerage are lots of Irishmen returning to the emerald isle ; and on barrels, and the steps of the paddle-boxes, are seated Highland men and women, speaking Gaelic and taking snuff in large quantities with a spoon. There is sure to be a Jenkins on board, who smokes cigars and bids his disconsolate partner cheer up.

Thus the afternoon passes, and in the warm and softened glow of evening, we sail into Brodick bay, where the glassy waters ripple over a white sandy beach, and where is to be seen, far down in their translucent depths, the yellow sea-weed waving like mermaids’ tresses above the rocks and grottos. To take a boat from Invercloy and row about this bay in the evening, is one of the most delightful recreations one can well enjoy ; to view the glowing sky, the waving wood, with Brodick Castle towering above it, and away above that, the lofty Goatfell, all reflected in the watery mirror below, is a picture never to be forgotten. If one has ever reclined in his boat, tucking the little struggling fish from their briny habitations, and listening to the songs and sweet sounds which ever and anon come o’er the silent wave from boat or shore, he will often revert to to the sweet scene in after years, and with a sigh of pleasure rather than of pain, wish he were there again.

Are you a geologist ? if so, you are in, perhaps without exception, the best spot in the British isles for the prosecution of your favourite study. The Rev. David Landsborough’s book\* upon the subject is a most readable and instructive one, and with it, a *poke*, and a hammer, you may spend days of delightful toil—clambering up mountains, looking into the craters of extinct volcanoes, wandering along the shore, tracing the dykes shooting up through the strata, and resting your back against boulders of stone from a class of rocks nowhere to be found on the island—then give way to the grandest, wildest, and most improbable speculation ever indulged in before by geologist or pale-faced theologian. They are a sad annoyance these geologists climbing over walls, breaking down fences—“the folk are a’ gaen wud wi’ their hammers knap, knapping, they’ll no leave a hale dyke in the island,” says the irritated farmer. Are you a botanist or an entomologist ? There is plenty scope here for your pursuits. Are you an artist or a poet ? Then let us wander away up Glen Rosa mid the heather, and tumble down into Glen Sannox by the steep declivity at the head, saving ourselves from rolling to the foot by clinging to the heathery bushes which are growing nearly as high as our heads, and there at the base of Goatfell and amid the rocky solitudes, drink in glorious draughts of the sublime and beautiful. Or let us half-way up Goatfell lie down on a heathery bed, or recline on a block of granite, and look at cloud-land, which is here seen to perfection, round and round dipping to the water’s edge. It is the warm and listless hour of noon, not a sound is to be heard save the buzz of some fly or the hum of the vagrant bee ; there is

\* Excursions to Arran, Ailsa Craig, etc., by the Rev. David Landsborough, 1851.

scarcely a breeze to fan the cheek, as we lie gazing at the mighty white castles piled one above the other, and then slowly melting away, change into dragons and monsters dire which swallow one another, and then resolve themselves into something "very like a whale." How beautiful the blue and silvery sea spread out below and around! The distant sails like sea-birds listlessly floating on its bosom. There is just sufficient breeze to ruffle the surface, save those lines of glassy brightness which remain unmoved—the silvery wakes of distant ships which have sailed away hours before.

Are you an angler? Then let us set off for Blackwaterfoot, where, after you have satisfied your antiquarian curiosity by visiting the caves where King Robert the Bruce rested on his way to Carrick, you can try your skill upon the trout and sea-trout which abound in the stream which here pours its waters into the sea. Or taking a boat in Lamlash bay we can fish with the white fly for sea-trout and coal-fish, or hoisting the sail troll with the fly for mackerel.

Such are the enjoyments to be found in Arran; so that with an aptitude for such pleasures, and the heart to seek them, one may spend weeks there and never weary. Nor have I exhausted the list, for there are steamboat excursions round the island—Loch Ranza to visit, etc.; but we must take the steamer up the Clyde to catch the Campbeltown boat coming down, as we intend visiting Cantire.

In sailing over the bright, clear waters which wash the shores of Arran and Cantire and smile around the steep sides of Ailsa Craig, one is constantly called to reflect on the days gone past, when the fathers of Christianity first visited those seas bearing the mission of love in all its pristine simplicity to a Pagan people. Every headland and little island boasts of the ruins of some religious house, to which tradition attaches its tale of beauty or of wonder: and along the coast here and there the shattered strongholds of a bygone warfare rear their hoary heads. Campbeltown, the capital of Scotland ere "Edwin's borough" rose to pre-eminence, lies in a very beautiful land-locked bay, in whose clear waters during autumn float the most richly variagated specimens of the meduse, and as we sail quietly in, it is pleasing to look over the side of the vessel and watch their transparent beauties. About ten or twelve miles south of Campbeltown along the coast we see the rock of Dunaverty, where once stood a castle, one of the strongholds of the Macdonalds, and about which there are many legends and tales. Here tourists find their way from Campbeltown, and wide-a-wakes and pork-pie hats are now to be seen in this lovely place perched upon rocks or roaming on the beach. What are those two sweet little creatures with mushroom hats doing out among the rocks, gazing apparently towards the sea, and every now and then reading a little bit of the book which lies upon their lap? They cannot be looking out for husbands in this solitary spot, nor can they be so romantic as to expect to see in these prosaic days mermaids playing in the silvery waters. Their faces are expressive evidently of "what are

the wild winds saying?" and I firmly believe they are looking out for legends for Cuthbert Bede! for he seems to have gathered into his book on Cantire stories and legends from every quarter, which, being caught up by his lively and laughter-provoking pen, are made to garnish a volume full of solid information. Surely these little land-mermaids could not be better employed on this fine, sunny, autumn day. After visiting the ruins of Kilcolmkill—a little rude church built to commemorate the landing of St. Columba on the shores of Cantire—and the caves of Keil, we set off to the lighthouse at the extreme end of the Mull of Cantire, and having climbed up the little spiral stair inside until we reach the burners with their bright brass reflectors, look out upon the grand expanse of restless waters, swelling and undulating 'neath the bright sky, and murmuring and moaning amongst the rocks far down over the cliffs beneath us. There is Ireland and the coast of Antrim right out before us; and here to the right may be seen some of the western isles, and away to the left in the distance is Ayrshire; and nearer to us, as we return along the cliffs, the island of Sanda, with a peep of Ailsa Craig. Look upon the restless sea—here it sweeps past with tremendous force, and at certain seasons the meeting of cross-tides causes storms which are the cause of much peril to the navigator: the tempests here are indeed fierce and wild. About ten miles north-east of Campbeltown may be seen the ruins of Saddell abbey, once of considerable importance in those parts, and well worthy of a visit. The following extract may be interesting, with which I must hurriedly wind up this little Highland trip, hoping the reader may be induced by the perusal to follow the example of Jenkins and visit the wildernesses of Scotland.

"Its traditional history may not be uninteresting. It has been repeated to me many times by old people, who received it from their ancestors. It says that a certain individual murdered his step-father, and after having committed such a horrid deed, he always imagined, both by night and by day, that he saw the murdered man before him, and let him try what he would it was impossible to banish the apparition. He at length went to Rome to confess his sin to the Pope, who ordered him to go home and build a church between two hills and two waters, and that then his troubled mind would be relieved. He made choice of Saddell—it being between two hills, and dividing the water of the glen, it formed an island—and there he built the church of Samh-dail as the name signifies. It is a quiet spot where many sleep in their calm beds until they hear the sound of the last trumpet, when all must appear before Christ's judgment seat. A small part of the building now remains; but the place is truly sublime and solemn."

The above is from Mr. Peter M'Intosh's "History of Kintyre," a hand-book published last year in Campbeltown; but more ample and picturesque descriptions of Saddell and the other places of interest in Cantire, from the graphic pen and pencil of Cuthbert Bede, are to be found in "Glencreggan, or a Highland home in Cantire."

## COLUMBUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LUISE BRACHMAN.

"WHAT wilt thou Ferdinand, so sad and pale,  
Thou bringest evil news?" "Alas, too true!  
Prepare my noble chief, naught can avail  
To hold in check thy disappointed crew.

"Unless e'en now the long sought coast appear,  
They doom thee for an offering to their rage;  
Uproarious shouts like storms in mid career,  
Demand thy blood their fury to assuage."

Scarce had the words been parted from his tongue,  
When thronged the rebel crowd and nearer drew;  
The angry warriors murmuring poured along,  
As dark clouds overspread the still deep blue.

Despair was in each wildly gleaming eye,  
On every face the hue of death was spread,  
"Traitor! where now the glittering prize?" they cry,  
"Save those whom thou to misery hast led."

"Thou can'st not give us food!—then give thy blood."  
"Blood," echoed through the maddening company.  
The Hero unappalled before them stood,  
Calm as a rock against that stormy sea.

"Will blood content you? then take mine and live!  
Yet spare me till I see but once again  
The glowing sky the sun's fair beams receive,  
When his first light blesses the eastern main;

And if no land appear with rising day  
I willingly accept the meed of death:  
Till then pursue your straight adventurous way  
And in the help of God put all your faith."

The Chieftain's words, his calm and peaceful air,  
Once more appeased the seamen's furious mood;  
They turned and left him all uninjured there,  
And spared as yet their leader's sacred blood.



"Well then, so let it be, and if the prime  
Of sunlight show us not the saving land  
Thou seest that sun arise for the last time,  
And then on thee shall fall the vengeful hand."

The deadly bond thus settled, back they turn  
The slow eventful morning to await,  
From which the tried Commander now may learn  
After the dread suspense his awful fate.

The sun sank low, the day at length was gone,  
The Hero watched with calm expectant awe ;  
The rushing billows bare the vessel on  
Through unknown seas but yet no land they saw.

The silent stars held on their watchful race,  
But oh ! no star of hope was in their train ;  
And all before the ship was boundless space,  
A desert ocean seemed the moving main.

Denied the sweet consoling boon of sleep,  
His noble heart with anxious care opprest,  
The Hero watched all night along the deep  
And still his eye unwearying sought the west.

"Westward, still westward ! bear me quickly on—  
My spirit sinks ! oh ! fly, my vessel, fly !  
Haste till the goal of all my hope is won :  
With morning light, I triumph or I die.

"Oh then my God look mildly from thy throne,  
Look in Thy tender mercy on my crew,  
Let them not perish comfortless, alone,  
In the dread waste of seas they never knew."

Thus prayed the Hero with a pitying care ;  
But hark, what hasty footstep comes this way ?  
Once more 'tis Ferdinand. That mournful air,  
That trembling step, what news do they convey ?

"Alas ! most noble leader all is lost,  
Already does the eastern beam arise !"

"Be then content my friend. The glittering host  
Over all heaven, the earth, the sea, the skies,—

"All these are guided by Omnipotence :  
The same Almighty guides me here to die."

"Farewell for ever then ; to His defence  
Alone I leave thee, for thy fate is nigh."

Scarce had the words been parted from his tongue,  
When thronged the mutineers and nearer drew ;  
The angry warriors murmuring poured along,  
As dark clouds overspread the still deep blue.

"I know you seek me. I am ready. You  
May wreak your vengeance—fling me to the sea—  
But know the long sought goal I have in view  
Is near. God shield and pardon you with me."

A clash of swords, a wild and dismal cry,  
Now fills the air with horrid mingling sound ;  
Calmly the Admiral prepared to die,  
Calmly he viewed his destined grave profound.

No thoughts of sacred awe their rage withstand :  
Already had the rash, infuriate band,  
Upon their leader laid a grasp, when—LAND !  
Land ! was the cry : it seemed to thunder Land !

A growing stripe of shadowy purple hue,  
Answered each lightning glance that westward gazed ;  
The rising sun soon touched the radiant view,  
And in bright gold the wished for landscape blazed.

While yet the fearful hearts were scarce assured  
Of that great truth the bravest had declared,  
They at his feet their glad repentance poured,  
And praised the God who had their leader spared.

A. DE TRACEY.

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## SOUTH KENSINGTON LETTER.

BY OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

EXHIBITION ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, W.

THE Exhibition has now settled down into an *Institution*; its geography is perfectly understood, and many visitors accost each other at *this* court, or *that* trophy, much as neighbours do at the corner of St. James's Street, as a matter of course; for people are expected to be there, just as, at certain hours, they are expected to be in the neighbourhood of their clubs. By this time, moreover, the season ticket-holders display a used-up air relative to the whole concern. A asks Z with an enthusiastic tone, "if he has seen the *Star of the South*? has he heard the *Bullfinch*? has he noticed the *French Pearls*? has he looked at the *Reading Girl*? the *Venus*? the *Wrestlers*? the *Roman Tables*? the carved *Chinese Vases*? in short, has he seen all the *medalled-goods*?" And Z answers wearily, as he thinks of the art and industrial alphabet he has gone through, that he has *seen* everything; that he has read all the guides; the thirty volumes of articles which have appeared in the *Times*; and has attended the courts and heard the *great umbrella case*, and the *action to recover the price of a season-ticket*, and so on. Poor season-ticket holder! he has *seen* everything, and *studied* scarcely ought else beside the picture galleries, which latter he was obliged to do, as a help to conversation, since they form a current subject in London drawing-rooms. More air! we cry, as we listen to the above drawl, and we lose ourselves in a crowd of country-faces, bringing with them the out-doors feel of corn-fields and honest work. What have they to see? A boundless world in a day! They, happily with a friend who knows the way about, dart from object to object, from trophy to trophy, from one branch of manufacture to another, and the Building is to them, full of bewildering marvels, of glittering treasures, the use of which they can only imagine. Three-fourths of the visitors are in reality now of the latter class; they arrive daily in London, the majority of them having three or four days to devote to their holiday. Deny it who may, the *crowd*, from the opening day up to the present time, has been made up of staring *sight-seers*; the *select few* being that thoughtful minority who have paid their visit for knowledge and improvement.

If the Jurors who made the awards, if the Writers for the Press who have to chronicle events and criticize the works exhibited, were asked, we feel confident they would all reply, that the task of examination and study can never be so difficult as in an Exhibition of this International magnitude. Be this it as it may, the *sight*—a delightful and absorbing one—remains, so “be in time ladies and gentlemen,” “now’s your chance to see all the giants and giantesses of Art and Industry;” and some 60,000 people daily are brought together by the fame of the show, since already the thought of its closing in October, decides thousands to use the present time, through fear of the days passing away without their finding more convenient holiday leisure.

As some justification of the preceding remarks, we may call attention to the *Precious Works of Art on Loan* at the South Kensington Museum. This collection is the finest ever brought together in England, and being confined in narrower channels, the stream is clearer, purer, and deeper than the Exhibition flood; and yet this costly display, because it is not *the sight* of the season, is passed over almost unheeded by the general public, and is abandoned to the curious and art students, by whom it is appreciated. We hope this collection may be retained after the Exhibition closes, and then its worth will be discovered; but we fear the owners of the unique and invaluable objects, many of them the heirlooms of ancient families, will demand back their neglected treasures, and never again permit them to be exhibited to a public that has shown its indifference.

Dull people, as a rule, abhor anything bright, and a quick, clever saying or action is disliked as something that disturbs their equanimity; but—as a singularity of literature which is never addressed to people of that ilk—we may just add an anecdote which people, *not dull*, will enjoy. As one of those Exhibition things generally known, the Commissioners lately consented to sell packets of *twenty-one* shilling tickets for *twenty* shillings; a very good plan which induced large employers of labour, the proprietors of schools, etc., to buy and disperse these tickets. A word to the wise is always sufficient, and this plan was scarcely adopted before an omnibus-conductor (he should be called a lightning conductor for his quickness!) invests his sovereign in the twenty-one tickets, for which he finds ready purchasers in the excursionists and others whom he takes in his omnibus. They are accommodated, and have their tickets ready before arrival, and *he* makes a profit of one shilling out of twenty, by his “random shot of *counting art*,” which *Burns* valued as better than learning.

In such a matter as the Memorial to Prince Albert, the Nation is universally interested, but *South Kensington*, besides a general, takes, of course, an extra, indeed, we may say, an extraordinary interest; and now that the Committee have sent in their recommendation of a plan in which Royal feelings and Royal taste concur, the common question is, will the *Walhalla* be *here*?

To our own knowledge, the idea of assembling the statues of the great men of the country has long been entertained ; indeed, one of our best known sculptors matured and submitted a plan several years ago to Government to constitute Trafalgar Square "*a Place for Heroes.*" This recommendation, therefore, of the Committee to build a stately Hall of proportions worthy its object, is shaping the course of things to what ought to be a noble result. For, if we consider the present mode of conferring immortality, the procedure is certainly unexceptionably solemn. First, one must die ; and be content to be immortal among the *dead* : we mean, his effigy or tablet is among monuments and tombs in our St. Paul's or Westminster Abbeys. To either of these places visitors go in a solemn mood, with which immortality is not necessarily associated : sadness is not greatness, but, in truth, the latter quality is scarcely ever dissociated from the former. Besides, our great men are not dead ! Shakespeare and Milton are living yet amongst us. Burns sings and whistles yet at the Scottish plough. Why then should we, for ever and a day, continue our habits of placing statues in Churches only ? Let us, by all means, have a Hall, or in plain Saxon a Home—*England's Marble Home* it might be called—where genius may be visited in a comfortable, happy way, and not in the sackcloth and ashes which the spirit puts on when it enters a Church. But—and there must be no mistake in the design and locality—let the Home be cheerful and *always open* ; always free to the people ; and then the encouragement of all great example and achievement will be wide and pleasantly conveyed, and the name of *Albert the Good*, in veneration of whose beloved memory the Hall was erected, will last whilst one stone remains upon another of the Home where England's marble men shall live, and breathe, and talk to us of the immortality of their own greatness.

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## THE LOVER'S MANUAL OF DEVOTION.

### IN TWELVE DIVISIONS.

Prayer is the language of hope :—pray, and despair will fly ; and the universal prayer is, “love me, or I die.”

#### VII.

BRIGHT Summer-Time ! that to my spirit ever  
 Brought gladness with thy sunshine and thy flowers ;  
 Onward, still flowing like a wintry river  
 Rushing to reach green banks and blooming bowers.  
 So have my thoughts, Sweet Summer-Time to thee  
 Flowed on through cold, sad hours to where Love's flowers should be  
 The stainless heaven and the myriad joys  
 Laughing in dales, through woods and on the hills,  
 The genial airs, love sick with the sweet noise  
 Of happy song-birds, and the chime of rills  
 Gurgling through the enamelled sweetnesses of May,  
 Have ever thrall'd my heart, O HAPPY SUMMER-DAY !  
 Bright Summer-Time ! when days are growing longer,  
 Sweeter than ever now return, and soon  
 Smile with thy sunshine, and with flowers out-number  
 The dew-drops gemming every former June.  
 For now, Bright Summer-Time, Love's olden story  
 Told 'neath thy leafy pride, shall raise thy olden glory !  
 Bright Summer-Time ! I loved thee when alone  
 I wandered through thy wildernesses sweet ;  
 Now glorious June to charms which are thine own,  
 Like a fair maiden decked with garlands meet,  
 Delight shall make thee, since Love adds its flowers,  
 A joy two hearts must share through all thy sunny hours.

#### VIII.

The hours fleet by, a future breaking,  
 Before us spreads a landscape fair ;  
 A sweet, green spot where no leave taking  
 Shall part love there !  
 But where, 'mid homes of friendship dwelling,  
 No hour shall come our lives between,  
 Whilst each past year, the new one telling,  
 Proclaims how sweet that past has been.  
 Whoe'er to Love's true voice shall hearken,  
 The notes will learn which charm all woe,  
 And shall when sorrows round them darken,  
 Some solace know !  
 For us then, love, the future breaking,  
 Before us spreads a landscape fair ;  
 A sweet, dear spot, one loved-home making,  
 For us, true heart ! through life to share.



## CURRENT HISTORY OF LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC EVENTS.

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### JULY 1ST.—TUESDAY.

*Ethnological Society.*—Papers read on "Human Remains" found in various places.

*Leitch Ritchie*, an esteemed name among critics and readers, has a place on our Pension List, for £100 per annum. Formerly Editor of "Chambers's Journal," of "The Era," and author of many clever and interesting books, Mr. Ritchie is widely known and has long earned this recognition of public service.

### JULY 2D.—WEDNESDAY.

*Ecclesiological Society.*—Annual meeting. The active members of this Society refer with satisfaction to the general movement in Church Restoration, and the erection of new Cathedrals: to which objects the Society is devoted.

*Earl Canning.*—The Common Council of London have voted 200 guineas for a bust of this lamented public servant: to be placed in Guildhall.

### JULY 3D.—THURSDAY.

*Fine Arts Club.*—Hold a pleasant meeting at the house of Miss Burdett Coutts: the miniature of Lady Hamilton worn by Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar was exhibited.

*French Academy.*—Distribution of Prizes, of which a large number fell to Women, who were highly and generously complimented by M. Montalembert.

*Chantrey* begun, and after him three other Sculptors have laboured on the Statues of Lords Stowell and Eldon, which are now placed in the New Library of University College, Oxford.

### JULY 4TH.—FRIDAY.

*Blackfriar's Bridge.*—The Committee come to a final decision, and adopt the plans of Mr. Joseph Cubitt: the abandonment of their first choice is regarded with public satisfaction.

*Joseph Sturge.*—This man of good works has had a statue erected to his memory at Birmingham; it was executed by the late Mr. J. Thomas: in this instance the marble has been well employed.

*British Association.*—Meeting at Burlington House. The Observatory at Kew is now able to undertake a very useful labour; the testing of Sextants, and which the makers of those instruments will do well to invite.

*The Union Newspaper* ceased to appear, but its writers propose to advocate High Church principles once a month; which probably is often enough.

### JULY 5TH.—SATURDAY.

"*The Colleen Bawn settled at last*"—a trifle by Messrs. Brough and Halliday, brought out at the Lyceum.

*Professor Wheatstone* has had the honourable degree of D.C.L. conferred on him by Oxford University.

*Literary Honour.*—Assertions made by one literary man *directly contrary* to those made by a second, are decidedly unfortunate. The case of Mr. Thornbury relative to "Turner's Life," was never cleared up to the satisfaction of the public; and now we find Mr. George G. Adams printing a denial of Mr. F. T. Palgrave's statements concerning his *Fine Art Handbook*: weighing the probabilities, it *does* appear that Mr. Palgrave criticised works of sculpture which he had not examined.

*Asiatic Society.*—Paper read on the affinities of the Coptic and ancient Egyptian languages.

*OBITUARY.*—The Rev. Dr. Leifchild, an eminent Dissenting minister has lately died.

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JULY 6TH.—SUNDAY.

JULY 7TH.—MONDAY.

*Royal Institution.*—Meeting.

*Archæological Institute.*—Last meeting of the season, to which interest was given by an account of a "Roman inscription on Marble," recently discovered at Bath.

*Entomological Society.*—Paper read on some new species of South African butterflies, collected in British Kaffraria.

*Surrey Theatre.*—The "Flower of the Farm," by Mr. J. B. Johnstone produced, being a domestic drama adapted from the French, the incidents although exciting, being quite unobjectionable.

*Queen's Theatre.*—"Deeds not Words," a drama of the high-handed feudal times, by Mr. Suter, produced.

*Britannia.*—The opera of the "Enchantress," made into a drama by Mr. Hazlewood, brought out.

JULY 8TH.—TUESDAY.

*Pompeii.*—The theatre here having been closed for 1800 years, will "re-open" with opera, having been unburied and restored.

*Velasquez.*—The portrait of Philip the Fourth of Spain, by this painter, has just been added to the Louvre Gallery; obtained for 920 guineas.

*Mrs. Piozzi's Love Letters at Eighty.*—The public are indebted to a Mr. E. F. Ellet for bringing forward evidence that these letters are altogether unreliable in the spirit of their contents—they having been wilfully distorted. Mr. Ellet adds that, with permission of surviving friends, he will publish upwards of a 100 of Mrs. Piozzi's letters.

JULY 9TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Royal International Opera.*—Amateur dramatic performance in aid of the distress in Lancashire.

*Royal Botanical Society.*—Exhibition of Plants, Flowers, and Fruit.

*Dante* doomed to Purgatory once more, has been *illustrated* by several colossal paintings which were lately exhibited as a gallery in "St. James's Hall." They are now, it is stated, permanently lodged at Cremorne Gardens as a supplemental attraction. The old term of "going to the dogs" might be effectively changed, when referring to a Painter, as "going to the gardens." Criticism sometimes does public service, as it did in condemning this pretentious collection on its first appearance.

## JULY 10TH.—THURSDAY.

*Mosaic Wall Pictures* for the walls of the Exhibition. An account is opened at Messrs. Coutts' Bank, to which the lovers of Art are invited to contribute. The Committee claim public interest, on the ground (besides general opinion), that a *new Employment for Women* will thus be opened.

*London between 1816 and 1856*.—A vast collection of drawings have been obtained for the British Museum; they were made by Mr. Scharf, and show the many and great changes effected by railways, etc., within living memory.

*Entomological Society*.—Field day on the hills between Reigate and Dorking.

## JULY 11TH.—FRIDAY.

*Dr. Hawtrey's Library*.—The sale of the late Provost of Eton's books, etc., was concluded yesterday by Messrs. Gotheby and Wilkinson.

*International Exhibition*.—The Jurors made their award of Medals, and faintly, delicately, whispered their "honourable mention." The proceedings were imposing and got up with great care; but somehow, the English people are chary in showing their enthusiasm on such occasions; and yet, at all really great spectacles, no people more spontaneously manifest their sympathies.

## JULY 12TH.—SATURDAY.

*Royal Academy of Music*.—Concert given by students.

*Westminster Abbey* has a new pulpit just erected by Mr. G. G. Scott.

*Gainsborough*.—This painter's portrait of Mrs. Siddons, preferred by many to the one by Sir Joshua Reynolds, will shortly find its proper home in our National Gallery.

*New Operetta*.—"Which is it? or the Page's Escapade," the words and music by Mr. J. H. Tully, produced at Sadler's Wells.

## JULY 13TH.—SUNDAY

## JULY 14TH.—MONDAY.

*Philharmonic Society*.—Jubilee concert. Dr. Bennett's new overture on Moore's "Paradise and the Peri," first performed.

*Grecian Theatre*.—"The Adventurer's Doom," a new adaptation of the "Forced Marriage," produced.

*Britannia Theatre*.—Mr. Hazlewood is the writer of "Andrew Radford," an honest clerk, whose struggles and adventures are told in a one-act domestic drama, here produced.

## JULY 15TH.—TUESDAY.

*The Atlas Newspaper* has changed its name to the "Englishman," and is now a well-printed journal on good paper for 3d. Perhaps the proprietors thought the new name, besides being national, was also synonymous with "Atlas," either bearing the World on their shoulders.

## JULY 16TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Polytechnic Institution*.—Here a *conversazione*, made brilliant by electrical experiments, was held, and attended by royal and distinguished visitors, who were put in communication with Paris, St Petersburg, Dublin, and Glasgow. The dullness of most *conversaciones* is proverbial, but the gossip who bores us at our button-hole becomes interesting when he chats to us through a few hundred miles of electric wire.

## JULY 17TH.—THURSDAY.

*English Church in Paris.*—A new church is in course of erection near the site of the former Bastille—it is in the Gothic style of the fifteenth century: something like our London churches, whilst conveniently situated, one must go *inside the church to see the church*, as it is surrounded by other buildings.

## JULY 18TH.—FRIDAY.

*Dr. C. Mackay* has been placed on the Civil List for a pension of £100 a year. It will be but a bare compliment to Dr. Mackay to suppose that the works of his pen are too well known to require record—his songs perhaps have carried his name farther than his other writings.

*M. Gallait.*—Dinner at Willis's Rooms, to show hospitality to this eminent painter. Lord Granville in the chair.

*Houses of Parliament.*—The state of the Frescoes on the walls referred to; whilst some are yet unfinished, the earlier ones are peeling and show symptoms of decay. "*Nobody knows nothing about them.*"

## JULY 19TH.—SATURDAY.

*Dramatic College Fête* at the Crystal Palace.—Booth Theatricals, the parts filled with our most eminent London authors and actors, the proclamation of a Statute Fair, a Sybil's Tent, Ethiopian Singing, Shying at Aunt Sally (silliest of games!) with tasteful stalls, presided over by celebrated actresses, formed the attractions. The Carnival is repeated on Monday.

## JULY 20TH.—SUNDAY.

## JULY 21ST.—MONDAY.

*Surrey Theatre.*—"Cassilda," a long drama, adapted from the French, with French episodes and stirring life, produced.

*Pavilion Theatre.*—"The Moorein o' the Shaw Van Voght," brought out, being another version of the story used in "Peep o' Day," by Mr. J. F. O'Neil.

*Royal Society of Musicians.*—At this meeting the results of the Exeter Hall Concert given in June by Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt were announced—namely, £441 as a gift to the Society.

## JULY 22D.—TUESDAY.

*Archæological Society.*—The annual meeting of this Society takes place at Worcester, and lasts until the 29th inst., during which period the several places of local interest will be visited.

*Vincent Novello* is to have a Memorial Window in Westminster Abbey. His daughter, Mary Cowden Clarke, has written a loving memoir of this good man, and good musician.

*Photographs of the 1860 Solar Eclipse.*—Mr. De la Rue, has presented his collection to the South Kensington Museum.

## JULY 23D.—WEDNESDAY.

*National Portrait Gallery.*—"Still they come;" the likenesses of our worthies, these portraits out of the pages of their country's history. Those recently acquired are:—Richard III., on a panel; Hampden, bust in Terra Cotta; Duke of Monmouth, by Kneller when Kneller was young; Sir W. Temple; Lord Byron, in Albanian dress; Marlborough; Waller, poet of Saccharissa; Arch. Paley; Northcote, by himself; the first Lord Amherst, by Gainsborough.

*Mr. Sims Reeves.*—Annual concert held at Exeter Hall, when "Mazeppa," a new cantata, the words by Miss Jessica Rankin, the music by Balfe, was introduced to the public. Byron's poem is the basis of the story.

## JULY 24TH.—THURSDAY.

*Balloon Ascent.*—The British Association's balloon ascends very nearly five miles, as was expected of it.

*Miss Ruth Coweter.*—This lady's name we gladly record as the designer of the Honiton Lace Dress, worn by the Princess Alice at her marriage. The work was a triumph for the "Female School of Art."

## JULY 25TH.—FRIDAY.

*Dr. Todd.*—King's College Hospital has done itself honour by placing within its walls the marble statue of this eminent modern physician. Mr. Noble was the sculptor.

*York Minster.*—A guard-window of plate-glass has been placed in front of the great west stained window—a hint which may be well adopted in other cases.

## JULY 26TH.—SATURDAY.

*Welsh Concert,* at the Crystal Palace.—20 harps, a most efficient chorus, and the striking character of the music, gave great interest to this event. Miss Edith Wynne sang some solos in the Gaelic tongue; in the text the consonants looked formidable, but as in utterance they are nearly all ignominiously dropped, the singer's voice had its own sweet will. Many will remember the butterfly settling on the sword of the dying cavalier, by which the graceful painter inferred the hero's immortality—it was a touch of poetry! And in a matter-of-fact world the range of *golden harps*, the *bardic* appearance of the performers at this Welsh concert, was a sight to be remembered. Just before the music commenced, a butterfly flew across the room, which was flooded with sunshine, and gay with the parterre colours of the ladies' dresses and parasols.

*Royal Academy.*—The Exhibition of Paintings, etc., closed.

## JULY 27TH.—SUNDAY.

## JULY 28TH.—MONDAY.

*Strand Theatre.*—"Marriage at any Price," by Mr. J. P. Wooller, produced; the incidents of demented testators tacking to a will anti-matrimonial conditions, and how people will fall in love and marry in spite of such conditions, are old friends which the author has painted afresh, laying on the new colours with his ordinary skillful touch.

*City of London Theatre.*—The story of "Fanny Windham," which lately appeared in a very cheap serial, has been dramatized and brought out here.

*Britannia.*—The "Blue Dwarf," also taken from a serial tale, is adapted by Mr. Marchant, and makes an interesting drama.

## JULY 29TH.—TUESDAY.

*The Libri Library.*—The reserved lots of this valuable collection were separated by Messrs. Gotheby and Wilkinson, after a four day's sale, now concluded; over £10,000 was the amount realized.

## JULY 30TH.—WEDNESDAY.

*Exeter Hall.*—A new oratoria, "Israel's return from Babylon," by M. Rudolph Schnachner, produced. It was given in aid of the British Columbia Female Emigration Society, the funds of which must have been much benefited, as the attendance, at very high rates, was crowded. The libretto was adapted from the Scriptures, with selections from "Moore's Sacred Melodies."

JULY 31st.—THURSDAY.

*The Theatres.*—Whilst the production of new pieces at any of our theatres at the West-end is regarded with interest, widely aroused by advertisement in all the public papers, novelties succeed with wonderful rapidity at the Britannia and other Eastern houses : certainly the dresses and stage appointments are not regarded as equally essential at the latter, but, nevertheless, the productiveness of the Eastern play-wrights is a fact worthy of note, especially as in construction and literary ingenuity they display talent not inferior to the authors whose adaptations from the French fill the theatres in the more fashionable localities : perhaps the scarcity of good modern comedies, and what Schlegel would call "Romantic Drama," may be attributed to two causes only—the public does not demand them, and managers will not have them !

## SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary Shakespearian Museum, to contain old editions of the poet's works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. Halliwell is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, near London.

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